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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1620 FEB. 7, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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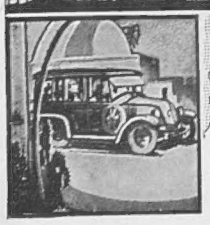

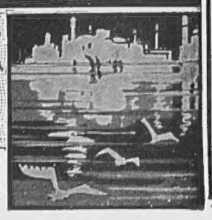

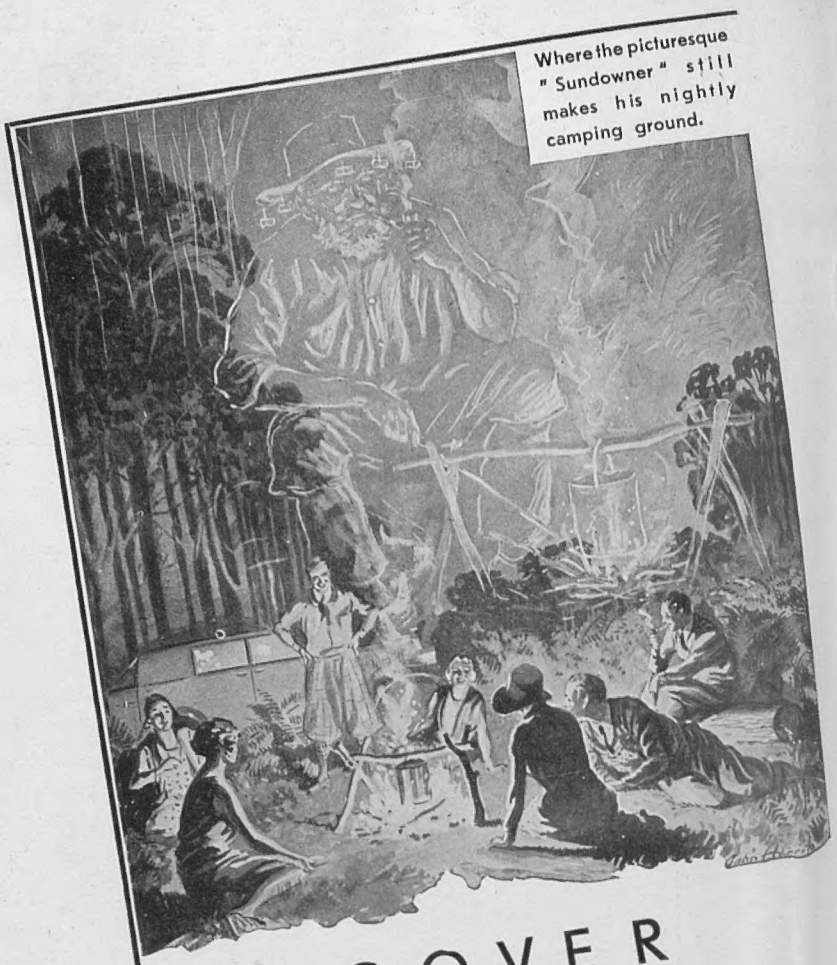

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA

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When all is hushed the odour of fairy wattle and a thousand forest scents fills the fast descending night. You, too, will sense the slow pulse of the old Australia beating out its ageless rhythm across the centuries . . and stand enraptured and enthralled.. Then home again, under the moon, by by-roads and high-roads, to the Australia of to-day . . . the Australia of great cities, modern buildings, parks, express trains and fine hotels . . . this 1931 world of ours.

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIV. No. 1620 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } | London, February 7, 1931

NEW PERILS of TO-DAY:

A Back Garden Invasion

One of the most astonishing aerial crashes that has ever been recorded in the history of aeronautics was that which occurred in Brixton but a few days ago. A 'plane engaged, ironically enough, in the film production of "The Flying Fool" crashed into a back garden in the South London suburb. Both the pilot, Mr. Richard Bush, and the cameraman, Mr. Stanley Rodwell, escaped with injuries, while the 'plane itself did not catch fire. That such a landing could have been made in so congested and densely populated an area without damage to life, limb, or even to house property, renders the accident unique in the annals of aviation

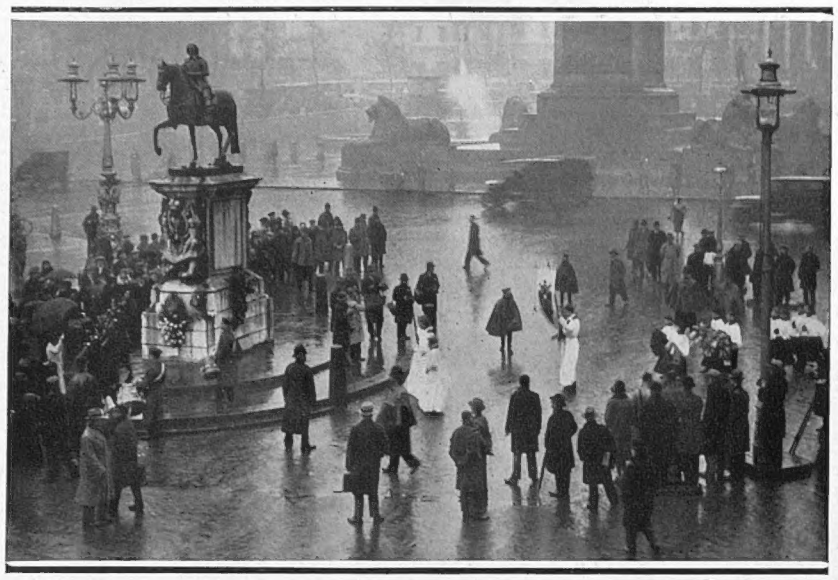
A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 4, 1931

The Anxiously-awaited Division.—The bathos of the anxiously-awaited division on the second reading of the Trades Disputes Bill was alleviated by unexpected brilliance in debate, and still more surprising good humour. The truth is that the size of the Government majority was pretty well known before the day of the division. If nothing equalled the brilliance of Sir John Simon's annihilating attack in the early stages of the debate, there were some excellent speeches on Wednesday. Notably from Mr. Churchill, who for once evoked more laughter than bitterness and gave an opportunity for a really priceless Labour interjection. He was twitting the Liberals with besmirching their great Liberal traditions when the anonymous voice of Labour interposed: "*You* are one of the traditions." Sir Stafford Cripps, with a mandate from East Bristol in his hand, made a good impression with a rather thankless brief, and gave away what the Trade Unions had no desire to part with, and went indeed much further than any of his Government confrères; and finally Mr. Thomas allowed himself one of the famous brand of "after dinner" speeches which have enlivened many a dreary public dinner. He was just Jimmy Thomas, the genial knock-about, and so amid chuckles the great political crisis ended in smiles and smoke. And the Government and Mr. George stand where they did in power and public estimation.

What the Treasury Thinks of the Dole.—In an upper chamber in Broadway Buildings at the end of last week, a sprinkling of men and women representing the British Public (and having nothing better to do) listened to some quietly-delivered evidence before the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. The witnesses were Sir R. Hopkins of the Treasury, and Sir A. Watson, Government actuary. What these men said was, in its way, the most startling, the most fearful, pronouncement since the Declaration of War in 1914. These two men know more about the finance and the abuse of the Unemployment Insurance Fund than any in England, and the Treasury official quietly announced that unless a halt were called *to-day* to the increasing Exchequer contribution to the Fund (which rises at the rate of a million pounds a week), the State is doomed to certain bankruptcy. He made it clear that the policy of the Government was simply criminal insanity. The Government Actuary, following him, gave a number of instances of glaring abuses of the Dole by persons earning up to £300 a year. And this Commission sits so ill-advertised, so little known, that witnesses of the gravest abuses have no idea that the Commission is sitting and anxiously awaiting their evidence. Surely we deserve to shipwreck!

A Rare Old Tory.—To declare yourself on every available occasion a rare and crusty old Tory is in these days an act of extraordinary altruism. It implies that popular opinion will strip you of every human attribute save one, a certain blind, brutish courage, while uninformed opinion may grudgingly concede honesty as well. Mr. Churchill is a solitary example of this rare altruism. His speech in the India Debate last week did indeed represent what many sound men privately think but would never dare, never dream of uttering. Every shade of opinion in the Conservative Party hastened to dissociate itself from Mr. Churchill's views, and Mr. Churchill lost no time in severing the straining painter with his own knife. No one ever denied him courage, none ever credited him with tact or a love of compromise. Yet why did he do it? If he still hankers for office, he is indeed the one honest man in politics. For (assuming he does hanker for office) here is a General Election not far off, a fair chance of a Conservative Government again, and more than one strong rival for any office that might suit Mr. Churchill. For among the remnant of a former Conservative Ministry I observe a remoter shade growing rapidly more material — Sir Robert Horne's. Why, then, at this juncture does Mr. Churchill thus hideously embarrass the old comrades who would try him again at the risk of a public outcry? The answer is this dilemma: either he is the one honest politician, or he has ceased to look for place and power in a purely Conservative administration.



"FOR CHARLES, KING, SAINT AND MARTYR": The scene in Trafalgar Square, by the greatest equestrian statue in London, when the Jacobites paid tribute to the Stuart who perished on the block. Choir-boys, headed by pipers, are seen above arriving for the service

A "Good" Rumour.—A bazaar rumour is not as a rule a substitute for gospel, but the rumour which last week was blazing in Calcutta that Sir Charles Tegart, the Calcutta Commissioner of Police, is destined ultimately to succeed Lord Byng at Scotland Yard, is one of those good wishes which fathers a good idea, an idea which would appeal to the bulk of well-informed people in England and India. Lord Byng is still with us, largely because his successor is so difficult to find. If there is one man in the Empire whose character, personality, and experience are fit for, and whose services and sacrifices to the Empire are deserving of, succession to the office of Chief Commissioner, that man is Sir Charles Tegart. It would do our hearts good to know that Sir Charles was to come back to the comparative safety of Whitehall after so many years in a danger zone. It would relieve our minds immensely to be assured that a fit man had been found to carry on the work of a post of ever-increasing importance. At the moment, however, let us remember that Lord Byng remains and adorns the post, that his health is improving slowly, that even if Sir Charles were offered the post one day he might well refuse it. Time enough; he is barely fifty. Meanwhile, Sir Trevor Bigham has succeeded Admiral Royds as Deputy-Commissioner.

A General and His Memoirs.—Sir John French's diaries are shortly to be published. Excerpts are now appearing in the Press. These make depressing reading and should be a warning to those who care for the late Field Marshal's reputation. These are the rough daily jottings of a man whose nerves were strained to breaking point, a man physically tired out; a man naturally hot-tempered and professionally narrow-minded and jealous; a man of very moderate education. But a brave, frank man, generous and faithful to his friends such as the cavalry soldier of the old school usually was. In God's name, then, why drag out again these pinpricks and hasty judgments, and all that lack of understanding and internecine strife between soldier and soldier, soldier and politician, which are epitomized in Spears' *Liaison* and awake again in the breasts of those who lost their dearest in the Retreat all that bitter feeling of needless waste in a campaign whose glory is a little tarnished by petty jealousies behind the front line? Is there a single instance of a War leader whose reputation has been enhanced by the publication of his notes, diaries, or memoirs? I can think of none, not even where literary ability or outstanding clear-headedness purged the records of obvious dross. Sir Henry Wilson's memoirs did his memory much disservice. Repington's Diaries wrote a black chapter of War history in revealing the War psychology of a section of London society.

Lord Hawke's Plain Words.—Lord Hawke dealt faithfully and shrewdly with some modern aspects of county cricket at the annual County Meeting at Leeds last week. In county cricket there are four modern bugbears which break the hearts of the old school of cricketers.

(1) Doped or starched wickets. The groundsman is left to himself and insures that his wicket will last three full days so that the bowler has no chance at all.

(2) First innings points — county cricket interest has steadily declined since 1911, when the system was started. The new scoring is an effort to bribe the leading counties to play for a win. A compromise again.

(3) Appeals and "ca' canny" generally — largely the result of this system of scoring and the mania for statistics and records.

(4) All-the-year-round cricket. As I pointed out after last season, a dozen of our leading players have now been playing non-stop cricket for four or five years.

Lord Hawke instanced Tate, who has played and thought cricket, year in, year out, without any break since 1926. How can he hope to preserve his divine fire? This overseas touring business is utterly overdone.

The Paston Letters.—The Paston letters, the sale of which were authorized by the Court last week, are a part of English history. Just as the Thurloe papers, discovered by chance in Lincoln's Inn in the eighteenth century, have become chapter and verse for much of the political history of the Protectorate, so the Paston letters supply the bulk of our local colour for the life of the educated class of country squire in the fifteenth century, and Green and Gairdner would have been all at sea without these documents. These letters cover several generations of Pastons who were Norfolk Squires, notably John (b. 1421), Sir John (b. 1442), Sir William (b. 1479). From this line of Pastons, the papers descended to Paston, Earl of Yarmouth, and his successor, the second Earl, sold them to Le Neve, antiquary. They passed thence to Mrs. Le Neve's second husband, Martin, in the early eighteenth century. A chemist at Diss bought them from Martin's library. Then John Fenn got hold of them and carefully edited them about 1780. Most of the originals were later lost but some were found again at Cambridge in the library of Mr. Philip Frere. And so they came to Mr. Tomline under whose will they went with Orwell Park ultimately to Mr. E. G. Pretyman, the well-known expert on Agriculture and leading light in Suffolk. He now proposes to sell them and, by a curiously "paternal" decision of the Court, must get a good price for them or the sale will be called off. Even in these hard times I fancy he can be sure of getting £40,000.

Flamenco. — I am an admirer of *Red Wagon*; a sincere admirer of courageous youth that goes out to win success and early deserves it; and finally I am of the opinion that, in seven cases out of ten, your trained literary critic knows better than I what is a good novel and in general where merit lies in literature. But I cannot follow the critics in their fulsome praise of *Flamenco*; I do not find it commendable stuff; I find it very poor stuff indeed. After all, even a novel of imagination — and there is always a place for a *Wuthering Heights* — must have a limit to its undisclosed dimensions, its puppets must be bound by *some* rules of conduct. If you set down in a secluded Grange under the moor five irreclaimable Bedlamites, bound by no rules at all, you must either cut down their antics to short-story length (*e.g.* The Suicide Club) or you must turn them into farce (*e.g.* The Londoners). If you treat them seriously for the length of a normal novel, you will bore your admirers, especially if your sentences bristle with hard-minted, oft-repeated adjectives, of which "mother-naked" is an example.

Notable Ladies.—Melba, who has been seriously ill, is one of those great artists who did not allow the golden present to obscure the future. She set her profession a commendable example in prudence and owns property of considerable value in Australia. She has homes in London and Paris, and of course Australia, where she still reigns an undisputed queen in the capital. There she dispenses a hospitality—which is especially welcome to English visitors—of which luxury without ostentation and culture without pomposity are the keynotes. To the young she is devoted, and while not unnaturally she does not brook a rival, she is amazingly kind and encouraging to struggling talent. One rather interesting fact passed unnoticed in the innumerable obituary notices of the late Lady St. Helier whose place in mid-Victorian social history is high and assured. She was a highlander and brought up all her girlhood in the Highlands. A sister of the last holder of the oft-created title of Lord Seaforth, she was in fact the heiress of Brahan, the ancient castle on Black Isle, which sported the famous Seer (whose prophecies I always considered rather particularly local and small beer). Good folk round Inverness however, still read and wag heads over the Seer of Brahan's prophecies and Lady St. Helier's interests in Brahan will ultimately descend through her daughter to Lord Midleton's second son.

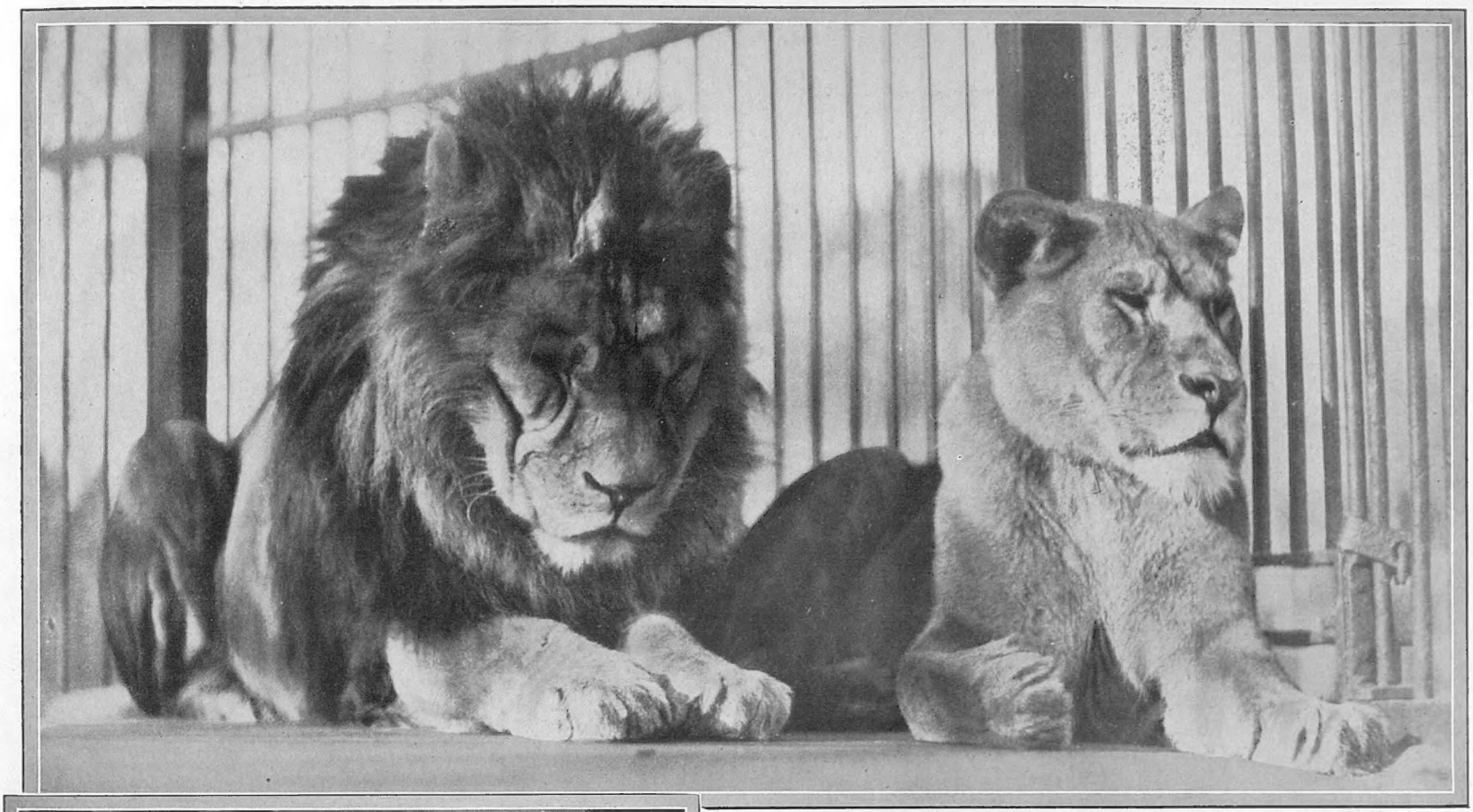
To Err is Human.—It is always such a risk to twit a contemporary with ignorance. One has to be so encyclopædic and omniscient never to trip up. Thus when the B.B.C. announcer a short time ago employed the "voice superior" to announce the hoaxing of the *Times* in reference to a certain fake interview, he followed up, employing the same "voice superior," with an announcement of the discovery of the bones of Edward the *Confessor* at Shaftesbury. I was ready to swear that these bones had, though oft translated, never strayed a mile from Westminster, but, Lord bless you, I remained silent and heard with silent relief next day that the bones at Shaston were reputed to be those of the picturesquely murdered Edward the Martyr, whose body was taken from Corfe and first buried at Wareham in unconsecrated ground. I don't think there is much evidence to justify the identification of these bones, but the stone coffin looks interesting, and I am going down to Shaftesbury to inspect the cache.

The Worst Over?—Whatever may be the position in politics, in Nature it is undoubtedly a little easier. For look you, it's light till half-past five; the sun has power; a sunny, frostless week has dried the ground up nicely and the soil looks grand when you turn it over. The snowdrops and aconites are out and about; under woodstacks and sheltered banks you could pick a handful of crocuses and even primroses; at eight o'clock thrushes (not blackbirds) are already singing of spring and of love; long since the partridges have paired; keen nosed men smelt three or four times last week that thrilling smell of sun-warmed grass. The spring lights are seen on branches and tree trunks. About February 26, we may look for the first of the famous dozen Signa Veris which Gilbert White never failed to record under date. In a word, we are getting along, for though we shall have our nasty snaps of winter, we are nearly past the risk of a long freeze-up, and are sure of glorious interludes of spring.

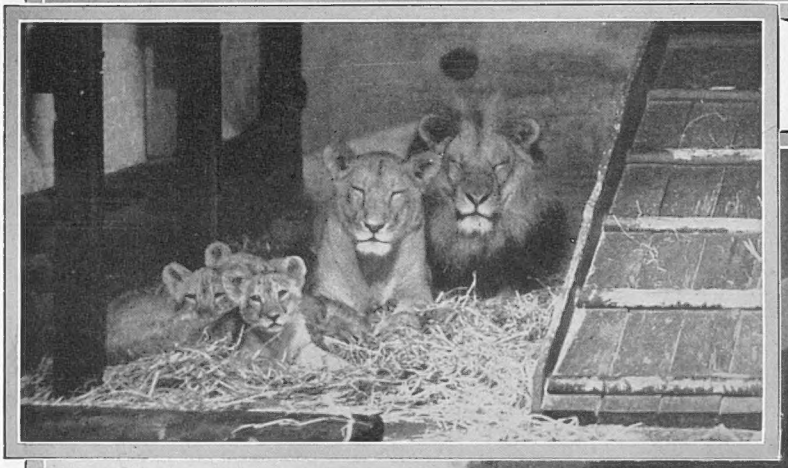
THE OLD STAGER.

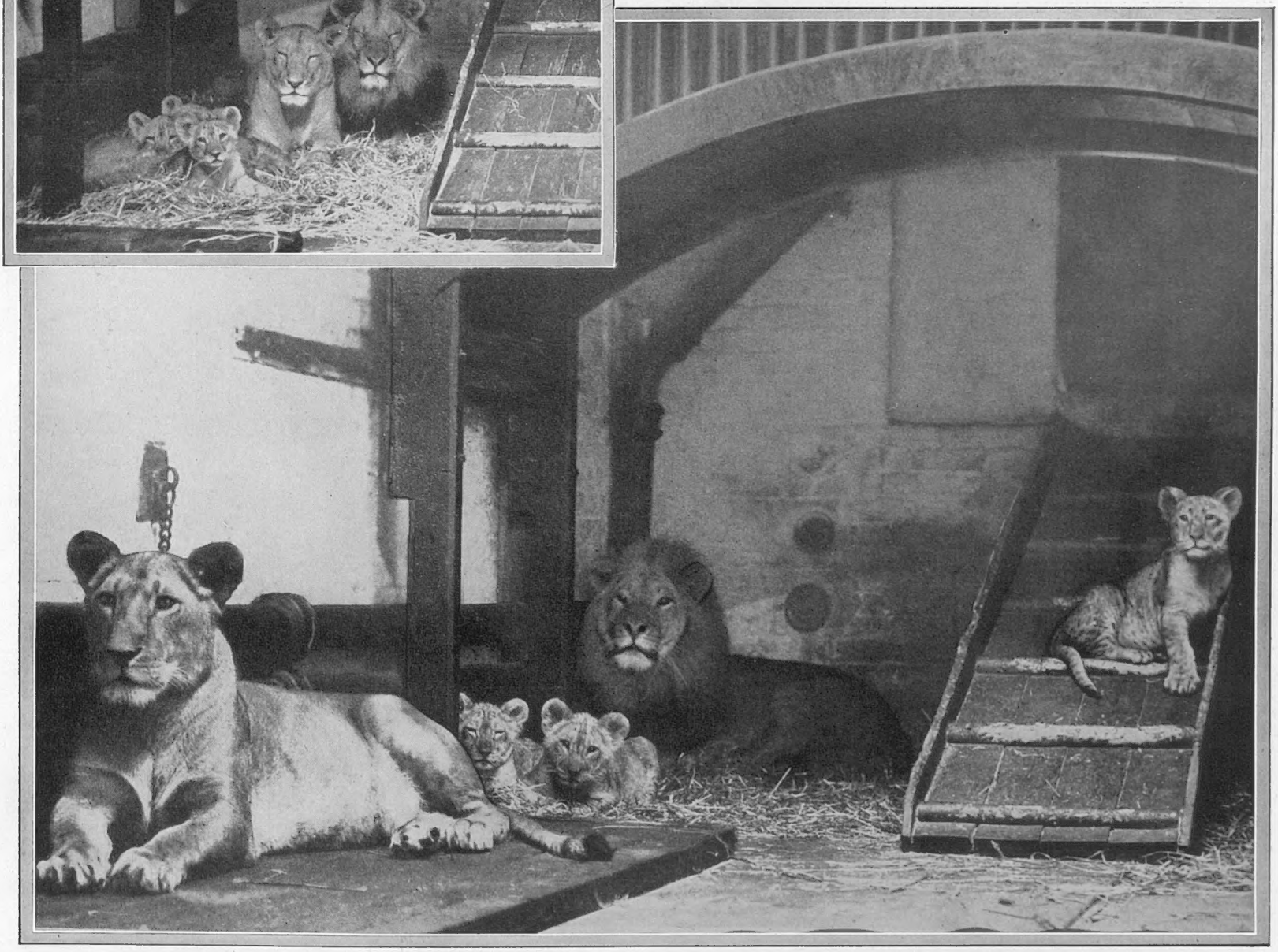
KINGS *of the* DESERT *as* GIFTS *of a* KING

New Pictures of the Lions Presented to the King by the Emperor of Ethiopia have a Family



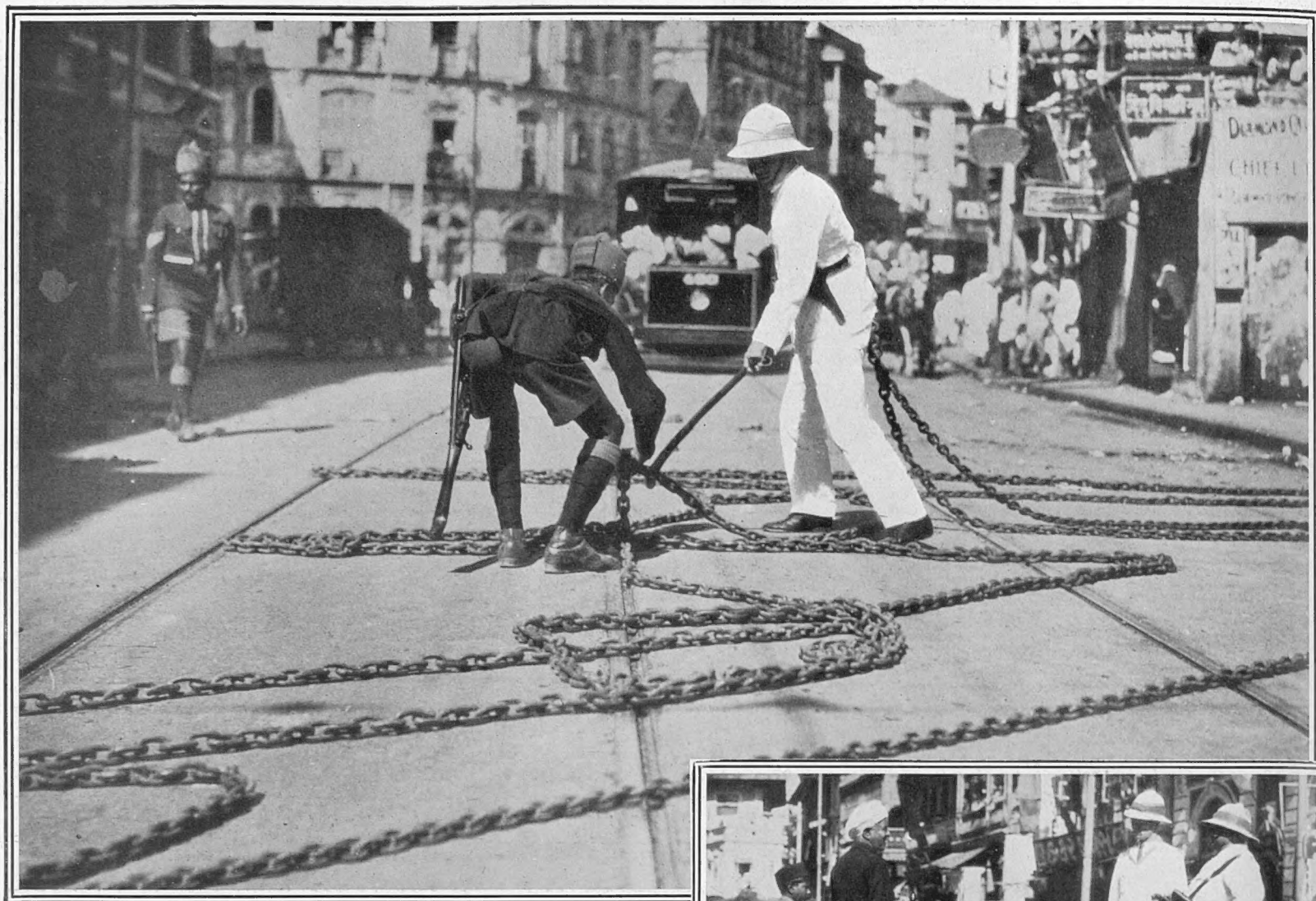
THE PARENTAL SNOOZE: A striking study of lions at the Zoo a few moments after feeding-time—that mystic hour when the lion-house becomes the Mecca of all visitors to the great animal enclosure in Regent's Park



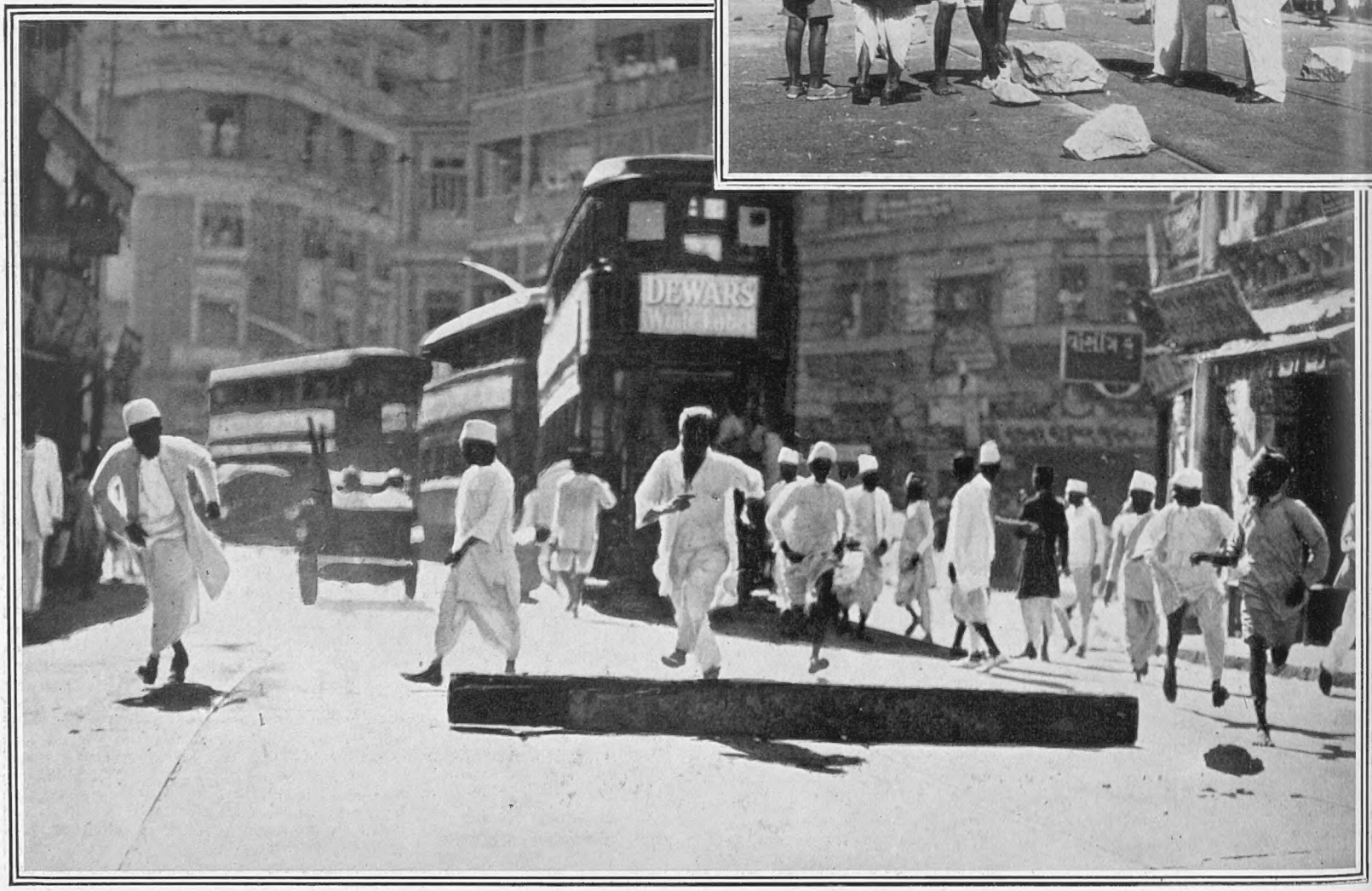


A CHARMING FAMILY GROUP: Pat and Doris, the two un-Ethiopically named lions presented by Ras Tafari to the King and deposited by His Majesty in the Zoological Gardens, with their family of three pictured last week. *Inset above*—SIESTA: A slumbrous impression of the great and trebly royal cats—trebly because they are traditionally kings of the wild, because they were given *to* a king, and because they were given *by* a king. The parent lions kept strict watch and ward over their cubs when very young, and retreated into a far corner of their barred domain on sight of a visitor. The cubs were housed in a secluded part of the leonine quarters which were fitted with electric light and heat—and, of course, vita-glass

BOMBAY HOOLIGANS STOP THE CITY TRAFFIC



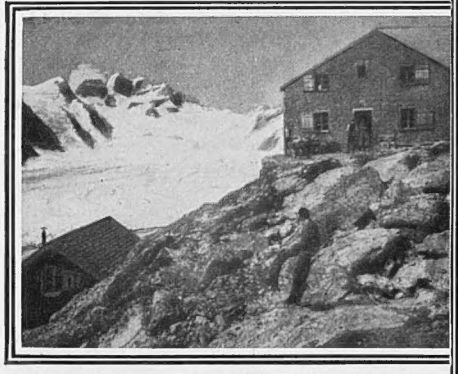
THE REMOVAL OF A BLOCKADE: Police remove the great chains laid across the tramway tracks as a protest by the Swarajists against the execution in Yeroda Prison, Poona, of the four Sholapur convicts—the men convicted of murder during the Sholapur riots last May



THE ADVENT OF AUTHORITY: Police in Bombay disperse the crowd of rioters who laid logs of wood, huge boulders, and metal chains over the tramway lines as a protest against the execution of the Sholapur convicts. A log of wood is seen above and large stones in the inset picture. The traffic was brought to a standstill by this Swarajist activity until the police cleared the blockade away. Mobs of Hindu "volunteers" paraded the city to enforce the observance of a hartel *or mourning strike. Not only did they endeavour to hold up the traffic, but flung stones at trams and taxi-cabs. They were dispersed by a series of* lathi *charges by the police. As we go to press, the latest news from Bombay states that in the trial of the twenty-five men accused of plotting open revolt against the Government eight were acquitted, five were given four months rigorous imprisonment, and twelve were given six months rigorous imprisonment plus a fine of 400 rupees or, in default, four-and-a-half months further imprisonment*

The ALPINE SKI-ING DISASTER

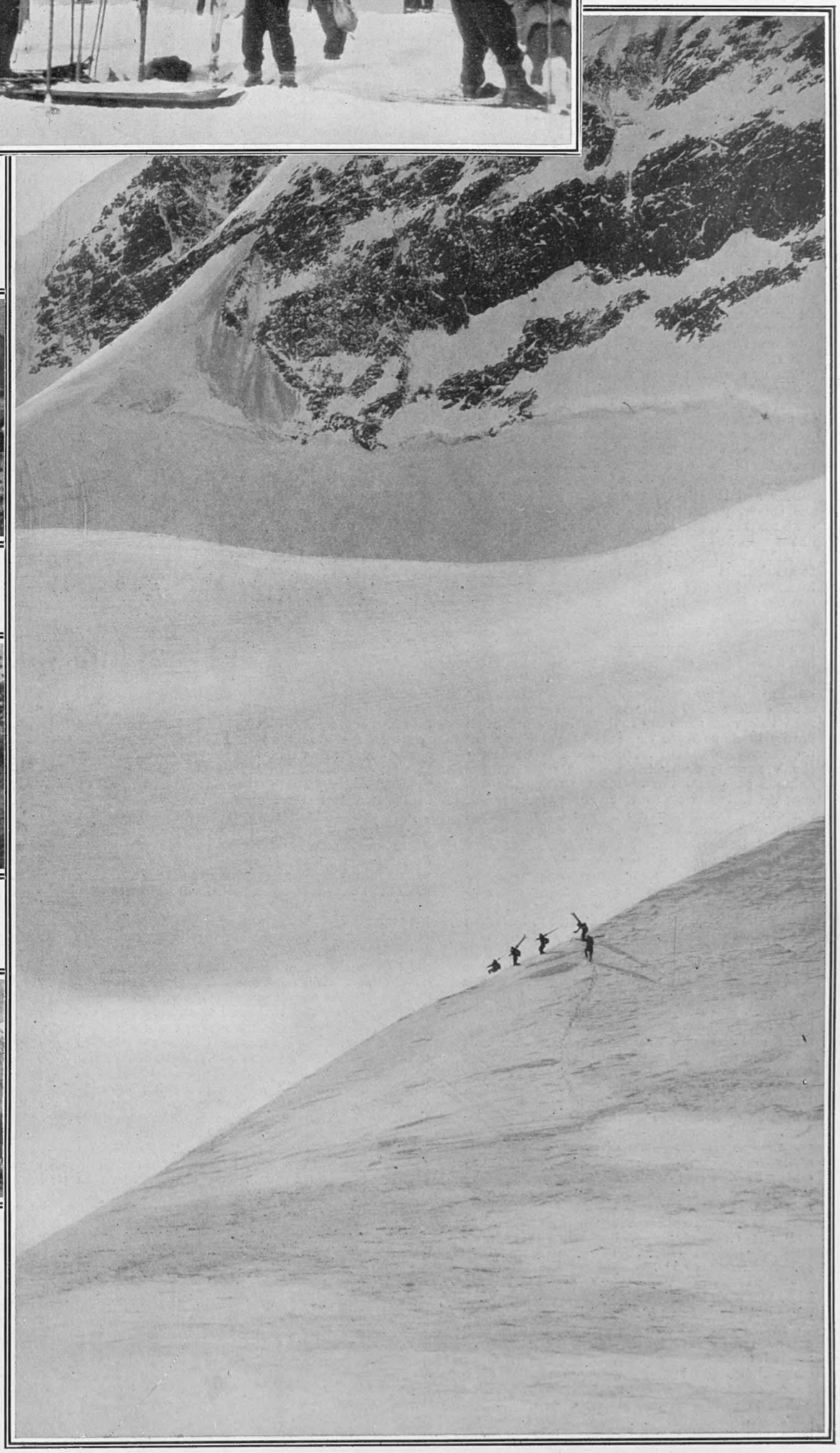
THE START OF A SKI-ING EXPEDITION: Mr. Bradley, Miss Leslie Galloway (who was killed) Mr. Guy Furnivall, Miss Goddard, Mrs. Furnivall (who was also killed), and Mr. Furnivall, Sr., who was rescued



THE RIEDERALP: It was from the Riederfurka district that the guides, who found the bodies of the slain, were sent

ALETSCH: The trees of this forest acting as "break-snows" enabled some members of the expedition to escape

THE CONCORDIA PAVILION: This hut gave shelter to the weather-bound expedition from the Friday to the Wednesday before the avalanche swept down to overwhelm three members and to imperil the rest



THE ALETSCH GLACIER: The slope on which Miss Furnivall, the Wimbledon tennis player, her mother, and her friend, Miss Leslie Galloway, perished with the crack guide of the Adelboden district, Christian Baertschi, last week

The tragic end of the ski-ing expedition which started from Adelboden and made its way to the Concordia hut on Friday, January 23; there it was weather-bound until Wednesday, January 28. At eight a.m. on that day the party endeavoured to descend the Aletsch Glacier but three members of it, Mrs. Furnivall, Miss Furnivall, and Miss Galloway, were overwhelmed by an avalanche together with one of the guides. The other members of the expedition, which included Mr. Furnivall, senior, escaped owing to the trees of the forest of Aletsch breaking the snow. They searched for those lost for ninety minutes in snow-storm and blizzard but had to take refuge in the forest when night fell. They then collected twigs and made a fire. Subsequently they ascended the Eggishorn-Riederfurka ridge and encountered a rescue party after incredible hardship from the cold and an agony of anxiety and grief from the disaster.

INDIA—Of What Are We Afraid?

The Difficulty of the Inexperienced in Assessing the Indian Mentality and Other Matters

By SHELLAND BRADLEY

(Who for many years acted as magistrate in several Indian Provinces, such as those of Chota Nagpore, a little-known outpost of Empire, etc.

When you have spent something like thirty years in India, living amongst the people, settling their disputes, trying their law suits, helping them to build hospitals and schools, to make roads and bridges, devoting yourself day in and day out to improving the conditions under which they live, it is a little difficult to listen with patience to the theoretical prosings of politicians who have never even seen India, or to the still more dangerous hastily-acquired conclusions of globe-trotters who have gained but a smattering of the vast problems it presents. How vast those problems are no one can realize unless he has studied them on the spot. Even so, thirty years is all too short a time in which to master them; at the end of them, with all the knowledge and experience acquired, one can only realize how little one knows. Take the case of the Viceroy himself.

At first thought one would imagine a Viceroy better equipped than anyone else to obtain a real knowledge of India and her problems. It is only from personal knowledge one comes to realize that, on the contrary, it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for a Viceroy to gain a real insight into Indian character and conditions. Generally at the outset a Viceroy arrives with no previous knowledge of India or of the East at all. He can learn much from books and reports, he can learn more from his members of council and secretaries, but to force his way through all these second-hand sources of information and come to personal grips with Indian life and thought is a hard thing. He is so surrounded from the moment he arrives with State and affairs of State, he is raised so far aloft upon a throne, everywhere he goes such preparations are made to show him things as they are not in everyday life, that he never comes in contact with the common task and daily round. He sees the glitter and the tinsel, the smiles and courtesy, the company manners, he knows nothing of the drab routine that lies behind, the real character of the men he meets.

A Viceroy after three years of office once said to me that he thought no Indian had a sense of humour. Nothing could have brought home to one more forcibly how little of the real character of the Indian the Viceroy gets to know. Having learned early in one's career that the surest way to an Indian's heart and understanding is through his keen sense of humour, it was cause for astonishment to find that a Viceroy could have lived in India for three years without making the same discovery. But on reflection one realized that this very striking Indian characteristic is hardly likely to have free play in the Vice-regal presence. An Indian having an interview with the Viceroy is either too nervous or much too anxious to obtain the object for which he has sought the interview to give vent to his sense of humour. Yet to anyone who has come into real contact with Indians it would be easy to give a score of instances where an Indian's sense of humour has clinched an argument or saved a situation. Two instances immediately spring to mind to refute the Viceroy's conclusion, one concerning the highest type of Indian, socially and intellectually, the other concerning the members of a local mofussil bar.

It was at a large private dinner during a session of the Legislative Assembly, when after-dinner speeches were the order of the day, and a well-known Indian was deprecating the agitation for the further introduction of representative government, and stressing the point that though that form of government might be good for England it was not suited to India. "What is good for one person is not always good for another," he said. "Let me put it to you in the form of a story,' which he proceeded to do in his own inimitable way. "There was once a bathing costume, which was really a very nice modest bathing-costume, but every time it was taken out by its owner to bathe on the beach a crowd collected to stare at it. The bathing costume, as I have said, being a nice modest bathing costume hated being the cynosure of every eye and sought every possible means of avoiding such publicity, but without success. Greater and yet greater grew the crowds that collected to stare at it.

"At last one day greatly distressed it met a little violet and said to it: 'You are really much more beautiful than I am. Yet there is no crowd collecting round you. How do you manage to escape publicity?' Whereupon the violet answered modestly, 'When I see anyone coming I shrink.' So the bathing costume greatly comforted went away, and the next time it was taken out on to the beach to bathe and the crowd collected as usual to stare at it, it immediately began to shrink. But the more it shrank the more people stared. The moral of which is that what is good for one person is not always good for another. The representative parliamentary form of Government may be very good for England, but it is no use trying to fit it on to India."

The other instance of an Indian's sense of humour that came to mind concerned a certain district to which, owing to an outrage that had been committed, no Governor had paid a visit for some years. I thought it high time that the Governor should pay it another visit, and after being told from headquarters that the Governor would come, with the encouraging rider that I should be held responsible for his safety, I proceeded to make the necessary arrangements. The members of the Bar and other local notabilities expressed themselves delighted at the visit, and were eager to show their loyalty by according the Governor the most elaborate and ceremonious welcome.

In consultation with the Governor's Staff I proceeded to arrange the details. The railway station being two miles away from the town, it was decided that all those who were to receive His Excellency should assemble in a shamiana on the maidan in front of the Courts to await his arrival. I, with the Superintendent of Police, was to meet him at the station and escort him to the shamiana, where all those gathered there would be introduced in formal Durbar. But as soon as this arrangement was known trouble began. An idea occurred to one of the local busy-bodies that, with all the amazing rapidity of thought transference in the East, quickly spread itself throughout the town. The idea was that when at last after so long an interval a Governor was again coming to pay a visit to the district it was absolutely essential that the notabilities should show their loyalty by greeting him at the very moment he first set foot on the district's soil.

It was a good sounding phrase, an excellent rallying cry which goes such a long way in India, and they worried it for all they were worth at the tops of their voices. "At the very moment His Excellency sets foot upon the soil of our district." The hard-hearted district magistrate was preventing them showing their loyalty by refusing to allow them to meet His Excellency at the very moment he set foot upon their soil. It was impossible to reason with them, pointing out that most of them being without any means of conveyance of any kind—it was in the days when motors were rare and no aeroplane had as yet been seen in India—it would be physically impossible for them to meet His Excellency at the railway station and yet be at the shamiana two miles away to great him in Durbar when he arrived there in his car, which would cover the distance in five minutes. No argument or persuasion was of any effect. They even had an article on the hard-heartedness of the district magistrate in suppressing their loyal desires in the chief Indian daily paper. The Shibboleth had mesmerised them. They must meet His Excellency the very moment he set foot upon the soil of their district.

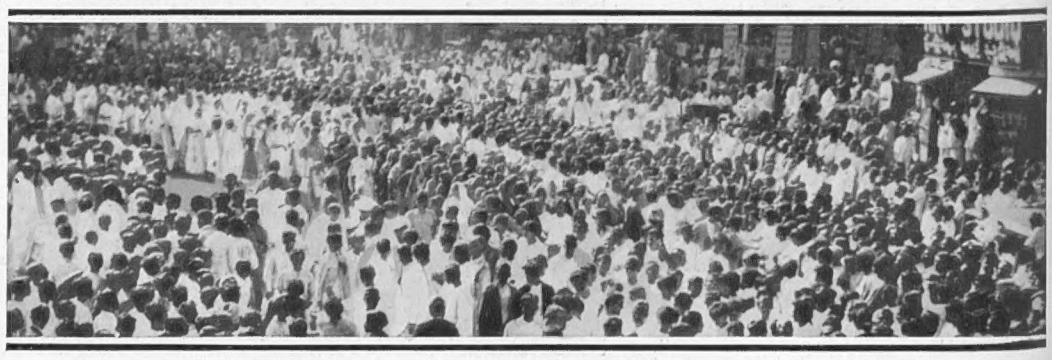
It was all too absurd and childish, but the incident, again in a truly Oriental way, had been magnified out of all proportion and it filled the air to the exclusion of all else as the great day approached. With strange but typical confusion of thought, they were accusing the very man who had suggested and arranged the visit as an expression of loyalty of preventing them showing that loyalty. The Englishman, unaccustomed to the working of the Oriental mind might be inclined to brush the whole thing aside as too childish to be considered, or ride roughshod over it, but anyone who knows the Oriental mind will understand that such things cannot be ignored and that trivialities may easily in the East become tragedies. There is so great a gulf between the Occidental and the Oriental way of thinking that each in certain respects regards the other's ideas as childish, and in all one's dealings with the masses of the Indian people one has to bear this divergence of thought in mind and endeavour to understand their point of view.

On this occasion it was impossible to give way, not only as a matter of principle but simply because the thing could not be done. Yet it was extremely undesirable that there should be any note of discord with regard to His Excellency's visit and as a last resort I determined to try and make them see reason by appealing to their sense of humour. I asked ten or twelve of the leading men to come and see me, and I can still see them filing into my study, full of expectancy, and seating themselves in a semi-circle in front of my desk. There could only be one subject concerning which I had asked to see them and they were all alert to hear what I had to say.

"I have considered very carefully your very natural desire to meet His Excellency the moment he sets foot upon the soil of your district," I began slowly glancing round at the semi-circle of attentive faces, "and I fully appreciate the loyal enthusiasm it implies. So I shall be very glad"—as I paused they all sat forward thinking they had won—"if those of you who have aeroplanes will meet His Excellency with me at the railway station and then fly quickly ahead to await him formally in Durbar. But for those of you who have not aeroplanes I fear it will not be physically possible as there is no other means of getting you there more quickly than His Excellency will go in his car." I shall never forget how from an eager look of triumphant expectation their faces gradually fell first into a look of blank surprise and disappointment then slowly succumbing to their sense of humour and dissolving into mirth. Within a minute I had them all laughing good-humouredly and we parted a few minutes later the best of friends and I heard no more of the matter.

It is the personal touch that is wanted in India, not political theories and elaborate Constitutions on western lines. The Simon Commission realised this great truth and it is to be greatly deplored that these lines, summing-up one of the great conclusions to which it came after its exhaustive enquiries, have not carried greater weight. "The great mass of the people," reads the report, "desire personal rule and we believe that, for many years to come, there can be no adequate substitute for it." Everyone with any intimate knowledge of India and the Indian will endorse that view, yet ever since those lines were penned we seem to have been wandering in an entirely opposite direction, losing ourselves in floods of eloquence and grandiose schemes that would wipe out personal rule. It was the personal touch that was the secret of our first success in India. We formed contact with the Indian in a way no other European nation did, inspiring him with confidence in our integrity, our sense of justice, and our desire to see his side of the question and to make every allowance for it.

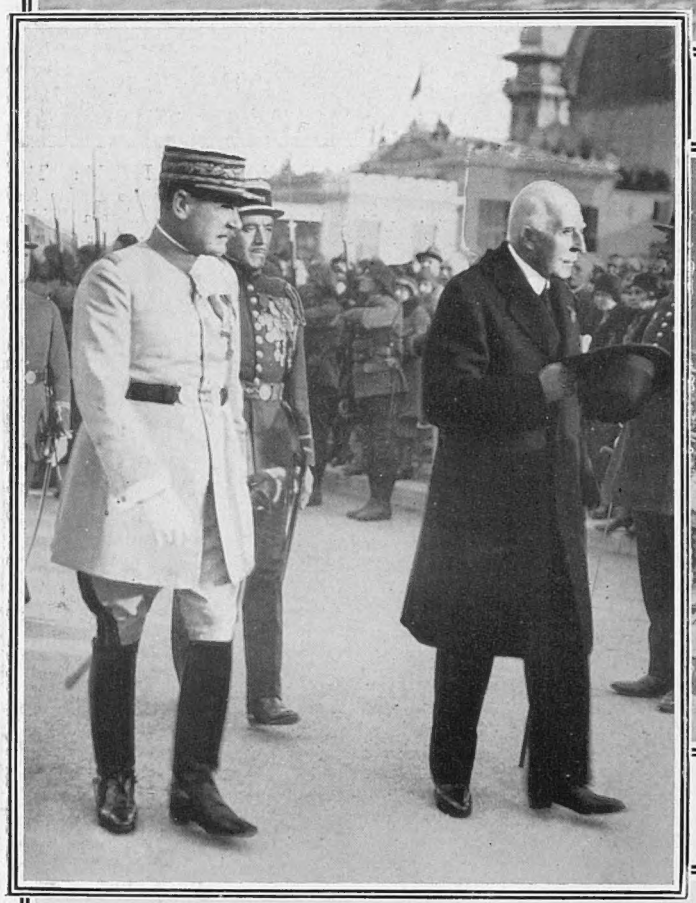
The first English district magistrates in India were fathers of their people in a real sense, in close personal touch with them, easy of access, ridding them from the oppression of landlord and moneylender, devoting themselves to their service. In those happy days the Central Government was a long way off. There were no telegrams and telephones by means of which to obtain orders or seek advice. The District Magistrate was practically supreme in his district and India has never been better ruled than under his personal sway. Even to-day when the District Magistrate has been shorn of half his authority, and has become little but the mouthpiece of a far-away Central Government, one has only to ask an Indian in a country district whether he would prefer an Englishman or an Indian as his District Magistrate, to meet with no uncertain reply in favour of the former. The mass of the people is with us and for us. Of what are we afraid?

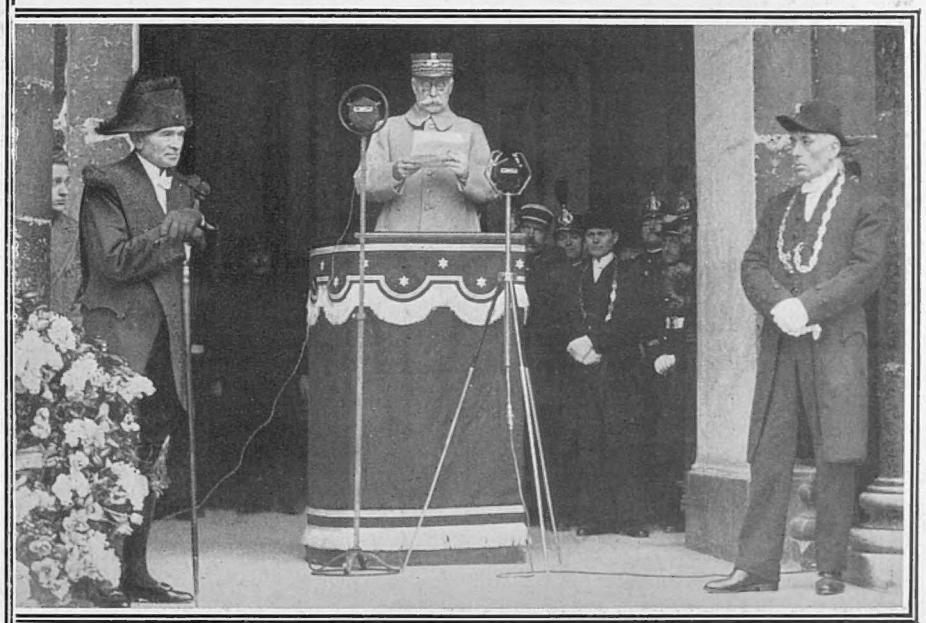


A REBEL'S OBSEQUIES: The funeral procession of Babu Genu, a Satyagrahi (Congress) volunteer, who, while attempting to stop a motor-lorry carrying foreign cloth in Bombay, was run over. 300,000 people, bareheaded as a mark of respect, followed to where the flowered corpse was burned, the War Council President, himself, Sreemathi Suchalata Hazrat, firing the pyre. Even American gangsters do not receive such a funeral as Indian seditionists

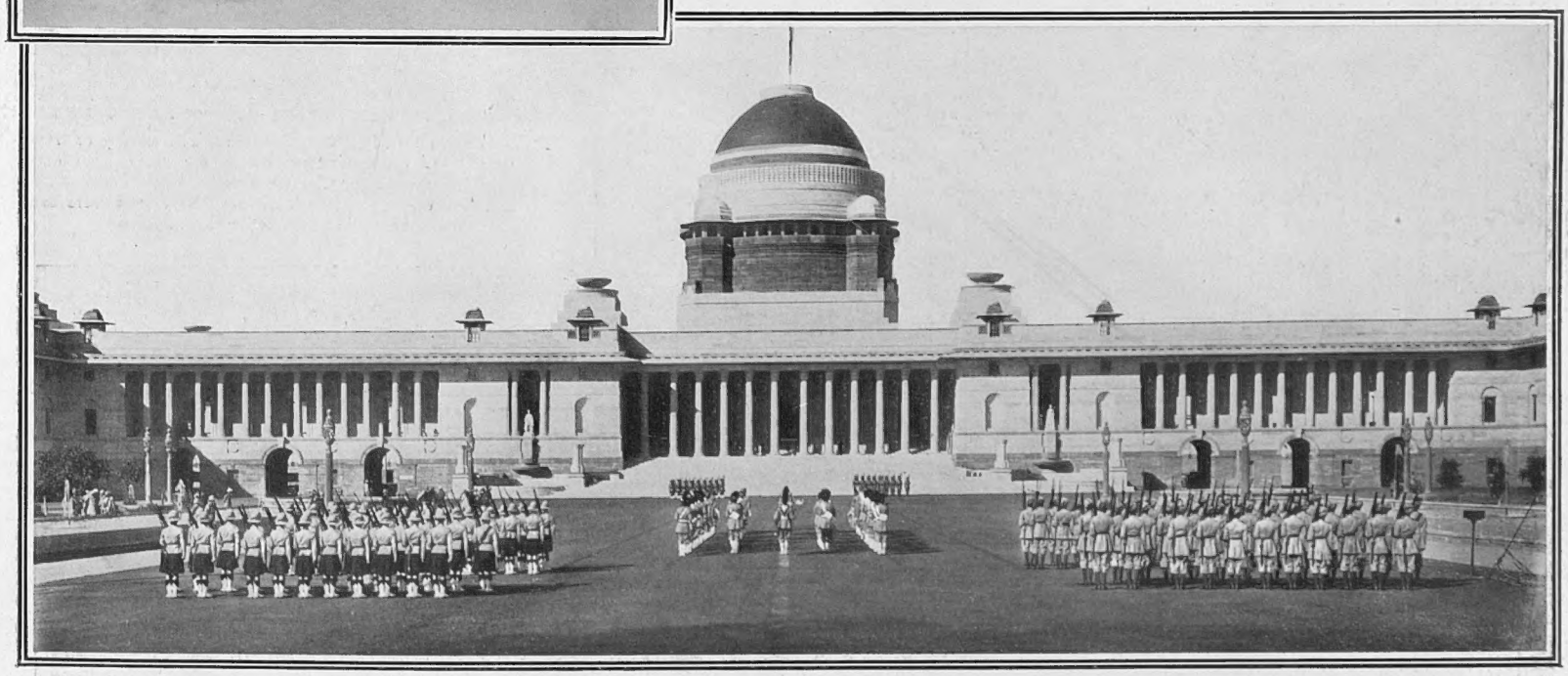
"The SPHERE" SURVEYS the WORLD

A CHRISTIAN CEREMONY IN THE JORDAN: The dipping by the Bishop of the Epiphany Cross in the Jordan-Jericho river. The Deputy-Commissioner has his hand raised





ONE SOLDIER HONOURS ANOTHER: Marshal Pétain delivers the funeral oration in the Invalides Chapel during the Mass held for General Berthelot, Commander of the Rumanian Armies and Chief of Staff to General Joffre at the Marne



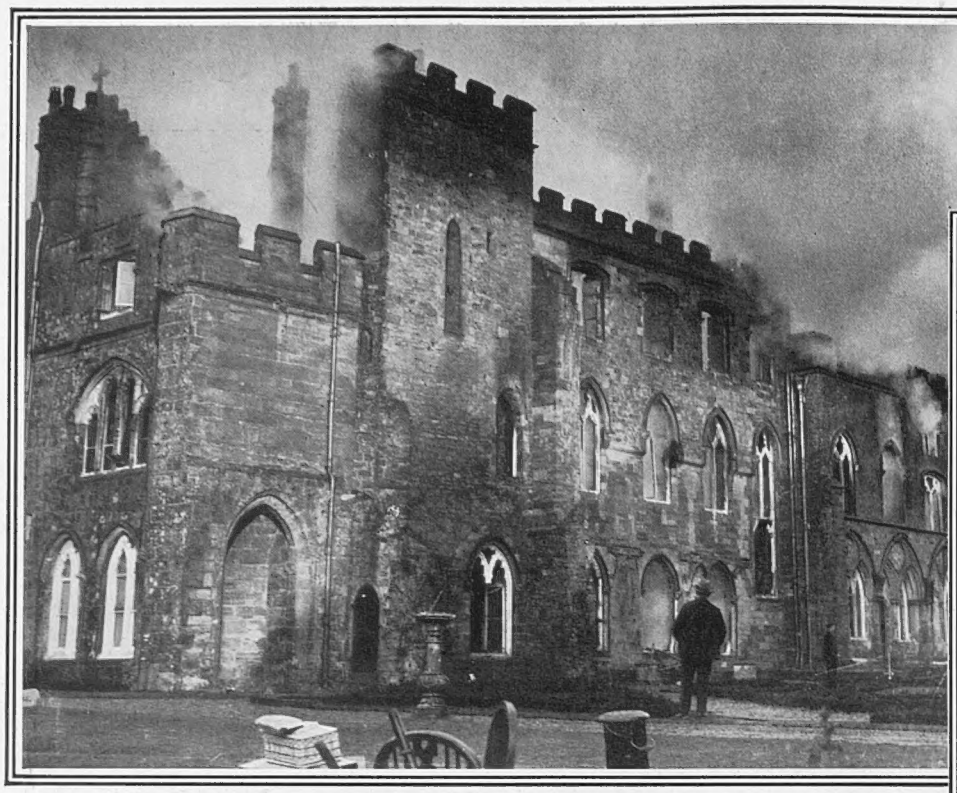
CHANGING GUARD AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: The scene in the imposing modern atmosphere of New Delhi when the new guard, drawn from the 1st Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, and the 2nd Battalion, the 2nd Punjab Regiment, formed up ready to be played up to the old guard by the band and drums of the latter unit. Inset on left—*A ROYAL FREEMAN: H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, now a Freeman of Nice, opened the reconstructed Promenade des Anglais*

The Epiphany ceremony in the River Jordan-Jericho, recalls the "total immersion" rite of various evangelical sects, although this is a solemnization of the Orthodox Church. Before dipping the Cross in the river the bishop and his attendant priests intone prayers and then set forth in boats and dip a cross three times into the stream in memory of the baptism of Christ by John. Devout Orthodox Christians on the bank leap, at this moment, into the water thus made holy. Mr. Keith-roach, the Deputy-Commissioner, is seen above signalling to the waiting congregation.

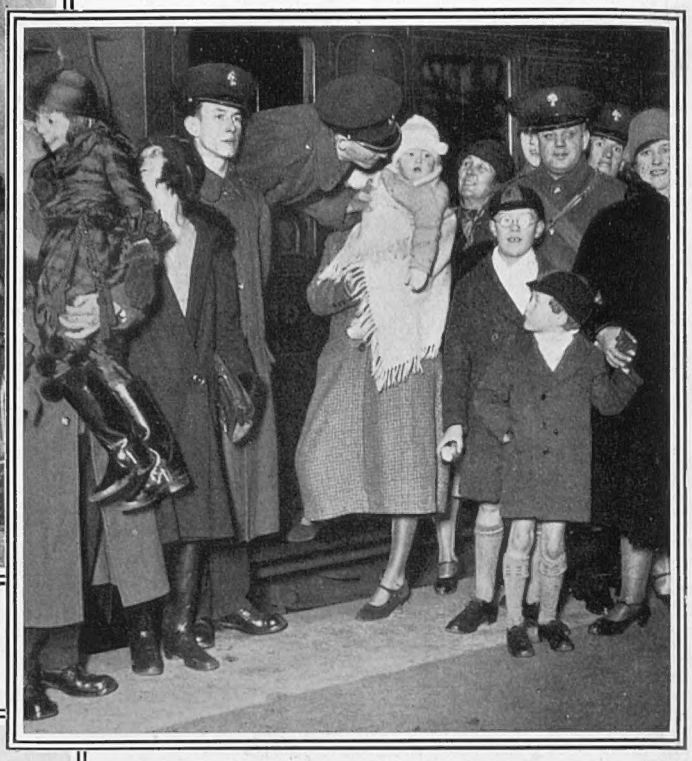
LATE NEWS

Of the Current Week

Told in Pictures



THE CURSE OF FIRE: Historic Battle Abbey, on the site of the Battle of Hastings, suffered a severe fire a few nights ago. Over 100 schoolgirls made their escape from blazing dormitories with no sign of panic or alarm. A monk in the abbey, dispossessed by a knight under Henry VIII, cursed the place and the family with violence by fire and water

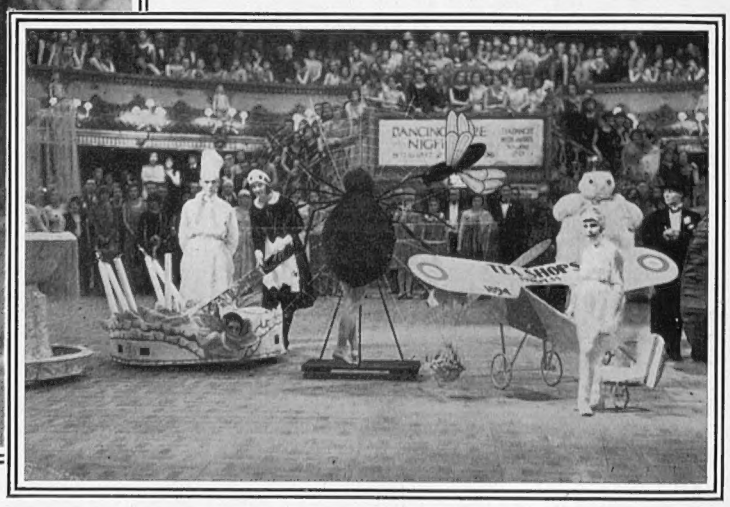


THE KIDS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM: The band of the Grenadier Guards leaves Waterloo Station for Cape Town. This is the first time the band of a British regiment has visited South Africa since the Boer War

AWKWARDNESS ON THE ISIS: A mix-up on the river during practice for "Torpids"—the fixed-seat Eight inter-collegiate bumping races held in the Hilary term. The confusion arose owing to the inexperience of new college coxswains

THE SCOTTISH BLIZZARD: The county of Angus experienced the heaviest snowstorm for many years during the past week-end. All roads were blocked and railway and 'bus traffic suspended. Hundreds of cars were snowbound in drifts 10 or 12 ft. deep

THE WHITEHAVEN DISASTER: Members of the rescue brigade leaving the pithead at Haig Pit, Whitehaven, Cumberland, one of the mines at once submarine and subterranean. Forty-five men were involved in the disaster. Thirteen were injured and the death-roll is definitely fixed, as we go to press, at twenty-eight. There was an explosion in the pit and many perished through the asphyxiating gases liberated in the choked workings. Seven relays of rescue workers were employed in an endeavour to bring relief



THE "NIPPY" BALL: A group of the prize-winners at the Lyons Ball held at Covent Garden recently, when thousands of "Nippys" congregated for a gay evening in masquerade. All the costumes worn — which dazzled the eye by their variety — were made by the "Nippys" themselves

HUMAN SACRIFICE in the SOUTH SEAS

Primitive Conditions in the Southern Philippines Revealed by

ALEKO E. LILIUS

MINDANAO, Dec. 1930

During the latter part of June this year I had been chasing Moro outlaws with the Philippine Constabulary in the vicinity of Lake Lanoa in Mindanao, when one day, tired and disgusted, we dropped into a post where a Moro company of the Constabulary under the command of Captain R., an American officer, was stationed. The men were marched off to the barracks while the officers, Americans and Filipinos, were invited into the Post Commander's house. This dapper officer, nearing forty, bronzed and with an admirable record of military exploits in the World War and tropical armies all over the southern world, introduced to us a pair of black youngsters, a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen, as his children. In these latitudes one wonders but does not ask questions, but the commander, amused over our silent but visible consternation volunteered:

"They are my step-children. I rescued them from the Moros, who had captured them from the Manobos, and were to sell them as slaves to other pagan tribes for sacrificial purposes. They have been with me almost three years now. And they speak almost perfect English—don't you Pag?" he turned to the little brown girl.

"Yes papa," she answered embarrassed.

"Well, and so does Catig, the boy," the commander continued.

"Yes, Papa," the boy hastened to assure.

Little by little, over our whiskies and sodas, I drew the story out of him. It was a thrilling tale of daring jungle-tracking into regions unknown, of outwitting the Moro slavers, who still ply their inhuman trade unconcerned about the local authorities; who raid and burn the villages of the pagan wild tribes, kill the men inhabitants and take the women and children as slaves to be sold to other tribes, who have yellow gold to give for the choicest prisoners. Pag and Catig, then nine and eleven, had been stolen from their parents, and in fetters were forced for months to follow the raiders' work from sun up until late at night, receiving hardly any food but plenty of abuse. But the Constabulary have their informants in the remotest places and the news of the outrages reached finally the station commander, Captain R., who immediately organized his forces and dived into the jungle, to punish the raiders and rescue the prisoners from the terrible fate which awaited them at the hands of the jungle tribes who still practise human sacrifice.

RESCUED FROM THE MOROS: Two children who might otherwise have been sold for sacrificial purposes to pagan tribes. Their names are Pag and Catig

It is commonly—and "officially"—supposed that human sacrifices are not practised any more by Bogobos, a wild pagan tribe, living on the south coast of Mindanao, the second largest island of the Philippine Archipelago. But a look at the latest maps of this island shows a surprising amount of white spots, denoting still unexplored areas adjacent to large commercial centres. Strange tales told by foolhardy adventurers who have dared to penetrate into this jungle, and who have returned alive, have as a rule been characterized as "just another story" or simply disbelieved. Any broadcasting of the actual truth has been painstakingly suppressed by Philippine authorities, who stand jealously on guard to see that the status of the Philippines as a civilized country should not be questioned by the outside world. In fact, they go so far as to prohibit the photographing of any natives in their everyday habiliment, which in many cases consist of only a gee-string, and a pair of brass earrings, and heavy penalties may be incurred by the guilty photographer, no matter whether he is tourist or scientist, for breaking this code against moral turpitude. It is not *comme il faut* to speak to a Filipino of head-hunting in Luzon, of incest among the pagan fishing tribes of southern Sulu, of human sacrifice among the Bogobos in Mindanao.

Only a year ago the constabulary in the province of Bukidnon rescued another slave girl of the Bukidnon tribe who had been sold to Datu Inda, a Manobo outlaw chieftain, with the understanding that she was to be sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods, which had been shown by sickness and disastrous warfare befalling the tribe. In either the Manobo or the Bogobo tribe the girl could also have been sacrificed to give rest to the soul of the deceased; for should a man of wealth die and his widow be unable to remarry, it would be necessary to make a sacrifice to appease the spirit of the dead husband.

There are many more circumstances which, in the minds of these wild people, justify human sacrifices, but only a council of old men can determine whether the evils justify the killing of a human being. These old men of the tribe come together once a year during the time when seven stars, three at right angles to the other four, are seen on the eastern horizon at seven o'clock in the evening. This occurs in the early part of December.

The sacrifice must take place while this constellation, called Balatic, can be seen.

Some years ago two Bogobo widows, Addy and Obby, went to see their Datu, old Chief Andsig, and requested a sacrifice to appease the spirits of their deceased husbands, which were troubling them sorely. Datu Andsig called the wise old men of the tribe together and after several days of parleying it was decided that as there had not been any sacrifices since a time of bad drought many years ago, it would be wise to order one. Many strange rites were performed, tom-toms and drums were beaten for days, and there was much eating and drinking, and finally four of the old men were directed to set out and to secure a victim by theft, purchase or barter. Eagerly they scoured the country and "visited" neighbouring tribes, all the time looking for a chance to get hold of an unfortunate boy or girl to be slaughtered later as their rites prescribed. The man successful in obtaining a victim would be honoured with the task of becoming the master of ceremonies. One of the men, old Ongon, was the first to report. He had purchased for five a-gongs (brass drums)—about seventy-five pesos worth—an eight-year-old Bilaan slave boy, cross-eyed, feeble-minded, and deaf. These properties were rare in a victim, and the Bogobos were feeling that the gods would certainly be highly pleased with the coming sacrifice, and lift from them the curse of evil which had fallen upon the two widows, together with all the other misfortunes which troubled the tribe and its members.

Everyone who had suffered ill fortune during the year was then invited to participate in the ceremonies.

The majestic Mount Apo, 9,650 ft. high, supposed by the Bogobos to be the abode of Mandarangan, the god of evil, was chosen as the place for the performance of the sacrifice. And one night at the appointed hour the people of the tribe met in the jungle. Half of them were women.

A bamboo platform had been constructed and a cloth, woven from the bark of the Bunga tree, was placed on top of it. Grim Bogobo warriors in full regalia, spears in hand and carrying their shields on their shoulders, advanced solemnly to this platform and put a piece of betel-nut on the cloth. After them followed the women, covered with gold ornaments and dressed in richly brocaded garments; they also offered the god their share of betel-nut. Each of the participants then placed his or her turban cloth over the offerings.

Again the men advanced to the platform, this time to place their *bolos*, broad-bladed knife-like daggers with richly ornamented handles, on top of the turbans, while the women added strips of bark from palm trees.

At a given signal the men struck their spears in a circle around the platform, to the accompaniment of wild cries from all participants in these ghastly ceremonies. The boy, who had been made to sit on the ground, had been stripped of his clothes during these preliminaries, and was now brought forward and placed against a small tree; his hands were tied with bahuca (strips of rattan), and bound to the tree above his head, and his body was then secured at the waist and knees.

Datu Andsig stepped forward. He made an oration, exhorting the evil spirit Mandarangan to come out of his mountain palace, the mighty Apo, and accept the sacrifice about to be made, that his wrath might be appeased and that good times should be vouchsafed to the Bogobos in the future. He then placed a spear at the victim's right side at the lower margin of the ribs.

The two widows, who had been the cause of the sacrifice now stepped forward, and grasping the spear they pierced the body of the victim.

Not a sound was to be heard from the grim onlookers. The stars of the clear night sky flickered, and Balatic, the fateful constellation, was still seen above the horizon. In the uncertain red light of the flaming torches this scene, with the bloodthirsty Bogobos sitting or standing in a wide circle around the still quivering body of the victim, must have been awe-inspiring and terrifying.

When the boy was dead three of the oldest men in the tribe advanced and cut the body in two with their *bolos*. Then the warriors and women alike threw themselves over the remains of the victim, and each tried to secure a small piece of it to take home as a memento. The remainder, if there was anything left, was then buried.

It is said that the sacrifice of an animal to the gods would be offensive to them. The Bogobos kill only decrepit and useless slaves brought to their camps from remote places, but other tribes, such as the Bilanes and Tagacolas, sacrifice people of their own tribe, or healthy young children of other tribes. The Bilanes are cannibals, and the boast of many of them is still, "I am accustomed to eat the liver of men."

Such was probably the cruel fate from which the gallant American officer had saved the two Manobo children, Pag and Catig, to whom he now gives the best education available in these remote places, and whom he loves as children of his own blood. And they certainly look up to him as to their real father. But what a story could be written if only shy Pag would tell all she remembers of her dreadful experiences.

AN ARMED BOGOBO WARRIOR: His war kit is elegant in design. The shield with its big boss and his decorated knickers show a lively artistic perception. The Bogobos sacrifice only useless and decrepit slaves, says Mr. Lilius

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THIS ENCUMBERED EARTH.—It is estimated that the population of the earth is increasing at the rate of 50,000 a day, 1,500,000 a month, or 18,000,000 a year. That means that there are on an average 2,100 more births than deaths every hour.

In face of these statistics, the evidences of over-population and human congestion in many countries as reflected in the millions of unemployed, and in the attendant misery and suffering, the Pope in his new Encyclical the other day, condemns birth-control as grievous sin. It is no disrepect to the Pope to question that sweeping condemnation. One may well ask which is the greater sin, to exercise birth-control, or to bring children into the world, who are robbed in advance of every chance in life, condemned to under-nourishment, misery, and suffering, and children stamped with mental or physical deficiencies, with disease or criminal instincts.

If the Pope's condemnation were based on the peril to the white race in the declining birth rate, I could understand it. Statistics indicate that the coloured races on earth are multiplying more than twice as fast as the white race.

Since 1872 India has gained over 115,000,000 in population, despite epidemics and famines. The census of 1930 established that the population of the Dutch East Indies has mounted since 1920 from 49,350,834 to 60,366,798. That is 11,000,000 or 20 per cent. in ten years. Japan is increasing at the rate of about 800,000 a year. There are no reliable statistics in China. But as it is a country with the system of plural wives, and intense love of children, the Chinese race is undoubtedly multiplying out of all proportion to that of the white race.

In most of the European countries, the population curve is either a straight line or, notably in France, sharply declining. Russia, Germany, and Italy are the only three which show a marked upward curve, but even in Germany the birth rate is steadily falling below its record figures.

It requires no higher mathematics to calculate what will be the tremendous numerical superiority of the coloured races over the whites in a hundred years, and how this proportion will grow with every decade.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The democratic population of the United States Republic has long been obliged to satisfy what in the old world is considered a perfectly legitimate desire for distinction, with high-sounding titles accorded by American Masonic Orders and Fraternities. Now the Pope promises gratification to the worthy by awarding insignias of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre to American citizens. The Order dates back more than 800 years, with grades of Knights Grand Cross, Grand Officers, Knights Commander and Knights. Thirteen laymen were recently invested with the Order in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

A couple of years ago Major-General Count H. V. von Broens-Trupp Tcherep-Spiridovich, self-styled Duke of Seba, was particularly active in aspiring to give the United States a titled aristocracy. Son of Russian Count Tcherep-Spiridovich, whose two ideals were the Pan-Slavic Union and an ambition to become "Emperor of the World," the present "Duke" organized the Royal Order of the Rose, assumed the glittering uniform and decorations of his father, mounted the gilded "Throne," and enjoyed short-lived possession of "Slav Castle," otherwise Beauley Manor at Arrochar, S.I., where the "Duke" knighted hundreds of persons, including Lindbergh—in the latter's absence. Then, not unlike his royal prototypes in Europe, the would-be "Emperor of the World" fell upon hard times. His titles did not avail to save his "Castle" or conjure for him a livelihood. However, the "Duke" shows truly royal courage and optimism in the vicissitudes of his chequered career.

There is a lot to be said for the award of titles and distinctions for public service. I have often heard foreigners, even radical elements, praise our British system of knighting or ennobling citizens who have devoted years of conscientious service to the Empire, government, or public. In theory, too, the *noblesse oblige* ideal of inherited dignity has its value, even in this democratic and unpicturesque age.

Kemal Pasha thinks otherwise. In 1928, the Turkish Grand Assembly passed a law suppressing the title of Pasha, originally a military title in three grades, distinguished by the number of horse-tails displayed on campaign. In that same year, the Heraldry Commission appointed by Mussolini to weed out the 400,000 holders of Italian titles, declared in favour of one in twenty. In other words, only 20,000 of the 400,000 could produce and support documentary evidence of their claims.

The Round Table Conference has flooded London with a galaxy of exotic Indian titles. Over India's 320,000,000, there are some 700 ruling princes, Maharajahs, Rajahs, Nawabs, Jams, Raos, and one Zamorin "Lord of the Sea" held by a southern coastal chief.

In republican Germany and Austria, there are periodic movements for the restoration of titles. I have often heard my acquaintances—nationals of either country—tentatively addressed as "Herr Baron," etc., by their compatriots.

Spain is the land of grandiose titles. The late Primo de Rivera possessed no fewer than seventy-two titles of nobility, while his successor, General Berenguer, boasts sixty titles and is twenty times a Grandee. The Monarchist element in France makes no pretence of diplomatically ignoring titles at the bidding of La République. Conservative Britain, however, is regarded as the likeliest "last stronghold" of these trappings of chivalry.

REVISION OR NO?—"Revision" or "No Revision!" That is the question which will in no distant future, increasingly agitate Europe. Not only Europe, but beyond the Atlantic.

Six-and-a-half million National Socialists, and more than four million Communist votes in Germany's Parliamentary election in September, have thrust the German demand for a revision of the Young Plan of Reparations payments, and of some clauses of the voluminous Versailles Treaty out on to the stage of international diplomacy and politics.

That cry of "Revision," vociferously raised, will not soon be silenced again. The demand, threatening to develop into an elemental popular force in Germany under pressure of four million unemployed, and economic depression, will not easily be driven back into the wings, out of sight and hearing.

Already sentiment for and against, is beginning to crystallise into two camps—Revisionists and anti-Revisionists. Two great forces of governmental attitude and public opinion on each side, diametrically opposed, are lining up for a struggle that has very disturbing aspects.

Officially Germany has not yet formulated a demand for Revision, either of the Young Plan or of the Versailles Treaty. Popularly, that demand is already so loud that it is only a question of time before public pressure will force it. The answer, in the present state of mind on the other side, is certain to be "No." What then?

The first reaction is certain to be an impetus to further radicalization in Germany, towards Communism on the left, Hitlerism on the right. That threat will not be taken seriously for a time. Germany is a poor poker-player in the international game of diplomacy. She has bluffed again and again in recent years, then thrown down her cards and signed an I.O.U.

If there is scepticism towards her "I cannot," she has only herself to blame. Too often she has said "*Nein*" when she meant "*Ja.*"

The reality of the menace of a Bolshevik Germany, is not believed on the other side. There has been so much talk of that. The scarcely-veiled threat by Dr. Kaas, the Priest Reichstag deputy, that Germany might play the rôle of Samson, is generally placed in the same category with Herr Schneidermann's famous "wither my hand" and Germany's numerous "Never, Never."

Whatever the merits or demerits of her case for revision, Germany's disunity presents no convincing picture to the outsider. That too, in what Dr. Kaas predicted as the coming "Intellectual Struggle" for and against revision, is her weakness.

Unless all signs mislead, the revision of the Young Plan will sooner or later open with Germany's declaration of, or demand for, a moratorium. The fear of that is reflected in the sharp decline of the Young Plan Reparation Loan in France and in America. Under the pressure of our own almost unendurable burden of taxes, it is not to be expected that Britain, or France, will acquiesce easily in any move that may lead to the revision of German Reparations, unless—America eases up on our Allied war debts. That, the Americans interpret to mean that in the last analysis, America is to foot the bill for the World War, with the origin and start of which they had nothing to do. Their answer, No!

Looms the coming danger. Germany will endeavour to convince us, not only that she must have a moratorium, but a revision. Things will go from bad to worse. Agitation will be intensified. Hitler will steadily gain strength on the radical Right. The Communists with their demand for an alliance with Soviet Russia, will gain on the extreme Left. The moderate middle parties will slowly disintegrate. Some day, not far off, Hindenburg, Germany's anchor, will be no more. How far can things go in Germany, and the Government, assuming that it wants to, still have the authority and power to control? What will happen should the Government lose control?

Those are questions that may very well worry the chancelleries and bourses of Europe.

WOMEN OF POWER.—While women *en masse* can be said to dominate America, and women as a sex continue still to be the paramount influence on civilization and culture in Europe, it is often in the older world of the East that we find Queen-women in romantic rôles of power.

Xenia, "Mother of the Druses," daughter of that ancient mountain race of mysterious religion, played no small part in the Druse rebellion against the French in 1925. Even in besieged Damascus where I was, I heard extraordinary tales of her Spartan spirit, and relentless commands to return victor or not at all.

"Mama Sliman" veiled, unseen, and only woman "tolba" of Ghardaia, sacred city of the M'zab, enjoys an individual power which few western women dream.

Eleuia el Morgani, woman descendant of the Prophet Muhammad, rules with almost despotic sway over Otumlo, a section of an Italian colony on the Red Sea. A "Shereefa," she is the spiritual leader of the Moslems of Eritrea, maintains the dignity of guards and ceremonial audience, and holds her own against the attempts of a cousin, Said Giaffar, to usurp her power.

There is the famous Begum of Bhopal, veiled, purdah, but glorious of achievement. Mei-ling, wife of President Chiang Kai-shek, who persuaded her husband, Dictator of 500,000,000 people, to Christianity, and the widows Madame Zaghloul Pasha of Egypt, and Mrs. Sun Yat-sen of China, whose national influence outlived their husbands' deaths.

THE REWARD OF LOYALTY: King Alfonso decorates Don Manuel Silva Alvarez, a non-commissioned officer of the Pavia Hussars, with the Military Cross of Merit, in recognition of his initiative at the Cuatro Vientos Military Aerodrome during the half-cock rebellion

AUXILIARY CRAFT FOR THE GERMAN NAVY: The artillery training vessel Bremse, *and the two fishery cruisers,* Weser *and* Elbe, *were successfully launched a few days ago from the navy yard at Wilhelmshaven. The first-named displaces* 1425 *tons, and the others* 600

SPORT — and the WOMAN

The Ladies' Carlton Club Swimming Bath and Other Athletic Pictures

GUARDIAN OF THE GOAL: Miss A. Stirling who defended for Middlesex in the lacrosse match *v.* Hertfordshire. A remarkable study of the sporting woman

A SLIPPERY GAME: A pillow-fight held on a greasy pole—one of the mirth-provoking contests held during the Bondi Surf Carnival at Bondi Beach, Australia

THE NEW SWIMMING BATH IN THE LADIES' CARLTON CLUB: Following the Bath and the R.A.C. (though the latter is for men only) the Ladies' Carlton Club in Grosvenor Place has inaugurated a swimming bath just round the corner in Halkin Street. This has been brilliantly designed by Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, the well-known architect. Like the R.A.C. bath, it has a refreshment lounge adjacent, where swimmers and their friends may enjoy the social amenities of the club. The blue ceiling is reflected by the water, contrasting pleasantly with the Travertine Stuc, against which shine the brilliant scarlet pillars with their gold capitals. The style is Neo-Roman

AT THE LADIES' CARLTON CLUB: Miss Alida Brittain, Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, and Mrs. Day (standing) in the new swimming bath, which is the latest attraction to the famous Tory organization in Grosvenor Place

ART and ANTIQUITIES of

Gems from the Loan Exhibition now being held by Permis

PORTRAIT OF A LADY, by Allan Ramsay. It comes from Lord Elphinstone's collection, and is an entrancing example of this Scottish painter's work showing a young girl dressed in pink and light blue, with blue ribbons tied round her neck

LADY HELEN DALRYMPLE, by Allan Ramsay. This painter was the son of Allan Ramsay the poet. He lived from 1730–84, and leaving Scotland, became a popular rival of Reynolds in London. He was Royal Painter to George III in 1767

GEORGE HEGGIE, Provost of Kirkaldy, by Raeburn, is a magnificent example of the work of the great XVIII and XIX painter who was elected to the Academy in 1814 and made a full R.A. in the year of Waterloo

On left—An exquisite eighteenth-century watch-case with portraits of Mary o' Scots

The Exhibition from which these remarkable exhibits are reproduced was opened by Col. John Buchan, the famous writer and M.P., on February 5. It has been organized in aid of the Time and Talents Club for Girls and Children in Dockhead, Bermondsey, and a percentage will also be given to the Scottish Charities in London. Lady Elphinstone is chairman of the General Committee which has brought about one of the most comprehensive exhibitions of Scotch painting, silver, costumes, and jewellery ever shown in London. Among the treasures loaned for this Exhibition are twenty magnificent examples of the work of Raeburn, original letters of Mary, Queen of Scots and the Young and Old Pretenders, the Forgu

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, by a painter belonging to the School of Clouet. Probably painted during the period when she was married to Francis II of France and living in Paris

"THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION," by Sir David Wilkie. Wilkie who lived from 178[illegible] 1841, was one of the youngest known R.A.'s. He re-introduced the Dutch manner into English painting, and another of his famous paintings is "The Blind Fiddler"

SCOTLAND in LONDON

...sion of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming at 27 Grosvenor Square

PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, by a painter belonging to the French School. It shows the young man dressed entirely in black. He was murdered when he was twenty-seven

LADY GIBSON, by Raeburn. This painting by the greatest of Scotch painters is one of the most attractive pictures in the Exhibition, and shows the sitter wearing a grey dress with a plum-coloured shawl over the left arm

PORTRAIT OF MRS. DUFF, by George Jameson (1588–1644), who was given the proud title of "The Scottish Vandyke." He visited Italy and probably studied under Rubens. It is a lovely painting showing the lady in a bright blue dress

Communion Cup, and the Earl of Galloway's Mazer, two of the rarest and oldest pieces of silver extant, many relics of Charles I and the jewels of Mary, Queen of Scots, and a fine group of pictures representing Scottish National Art from the sixteenth century to 1850, among them being the splendid Flora Macdonald portrait by Allan Ramsay.

In fact, the family heirlooms of Scotland have been ransacked to make this one of the most fascinating, romantic, and interesting exhibitions held in London for many years, and one that no one should miss. It will be open until the end of the month.

The exhibition, naturally marked by a Stuart atmosphere, is held by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming at 27, Grosvenor Square.

On right—A miniature of the Young Pretender (1728-88), usually known as Bonny Prince Charlie

CONVERSATION PIECE, by Gawen Hamilton, who might be called the Scotch Hogarth, of whom he was a contemporary. This particular type of work has come markedly into popular favour, especially since the recent exhibition of Conversation Pieces

FLORA MACDONALD, by Allan Ramsay. This is supposed to be the finest work of this painter, and was probably painted after Flora Macdonald's pardon by George II. She had been imprisoned after the '45 Rebellion

AMERICAN LIFE and BEAUTY

A Dude Ranch in the West and a wonderful Coloradan Sunset

A DUDE RANCH: *Elkhorn's, one of the more luxurious establishments in the not-so-wild west. Dude ranches are definitely full-blooded ranches, but they have enough accommodation to enable their owners to entertain guests with comfort*

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN: *A remarkable picture of Colorado showing a section of the magnificent new scenic auto-highway, formerly a Ute Indian trail. The sun is setting over the foothills of the Colorado Rockies*

In the National Forests of Montana, Idaho, and Northern Wyoming are scores of mountain camps, ranches, and true Western pleasure resorts where one can spend an enjoyable out-of-doors life. "Dude" ranches are real ranches, so called because they are equipped with cabins, cottages, or ranch-house rooms enough to entertain summer guests. The title "Dude" simply distinguishes the visitor from the old-timer. All newcomers from the city are "dudes" to the Westerner.

STAGE-LIFE *of the* ROMANS REVEALED

The Excavations of the Roman Theatre of Orange, near Nîmes in Southern France

A STAGE CURTAIN DRAWN UPWARDS: A general view of the Roman theatre at Orange as it appears to-day. The fossa or ditch was used to conceal the curtain which, by means of an ingenious arrangement of frames, was furled within it and was raised—not lowered—to mask the stage from the audience

A MIRACLE OF CARVING: A capital found in the theatre at Orange

Interesting excavation work is being carried on at Orange, in the South of France. Orange was a resting-place for the wealthy classes of those distant days, where men and women of the upper classes went for rest and for shelter against the cold winds of the north or the extreme sun of the south. Very little is left of the ancient town to-day, but its theatre, although badly damaged, is still sufficiently preserved to enable a handful of enthusiasts to arrange for the annual production of classical plays, the principal event in an otherwise almost forgotten provincial village. The desire to preserve such a fine specimen of Roman civilization has induced the French Government to authorize—within the narrow financial limits at its disposal—excavation inside the ancient theatre, and more especially near that part which formed the advanced "proscenium or "stage," which a thick covering of mud and debris has been hiding for centuries. Professor Formige—a member of the French Institut and one of France's foremost archæologists—has been given the direction of this work, and some important finds have already been made. As the works of excavation become more advanced—and it is to be hoped that financial reasons will no longer hinder this development—it should be possible to penetrate still deeper into the unknown life of the Roman stage

A ROMAN STAGE: In the centre is the great door through which the star alone made his—or her—entrance. To the left were the "star" dressing-rooms with their multitude of idols—evidence of the sacred character of the Thespian art—and to the right the dressing-rooms of the other members of the cast

LOYALTY *among* ANIMALS

What is the Bond that Causes Wild Animal Clans to Stick Together, to Follow a Leader, to Aid Stricken Comrades, to Run Together, and Occasionally to Separate? Courage, Affection, Fear, and Instinct seem United in this Strange Loyalty to the Herd

By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

(Author of **Bong'kwe** *and* **Wild Animals)**

Parental love probably had its beginnings before the parental giving of milk. It would seem that parental love, which is the basis of the family unit, is one of the few things which may unhesitatingly be classed as an instinct — i.e. the involuntary, unreasoning tendency in animals and human beings to act in a specific manner under given circumstances.

What quality or characteristic is it which is inherent in buffalo, elephants, or lions, which prompts them occasionally to return to succour or defend a fellow creature, and which appears to be lacking in many other animals? Is it courage, affection between members of a herd, intelligent thought, or something else again?

Probably the most famous of all such succouring acts performed by wild animals is the not uncommon return of one or two elephants to help a wounded comrade. If you think of this quickly it may not appear wonderful, but if you dig a little deeper than the surface and explore the emotions and thoughts of the animals engaged, there is plenty of material for speculation.

A hunter creeps up unseen upon a herd of elephants. Without warning he fires and, as the crash of the heavy rifle reverberates against the trees and hills, one great beast stumbles from the impact of a powerfully moving bullet. The others dash away, frightened. If for some reason the hunter does not fire again immediately and kill the wounded elephant it, in all probability, will trumpet piercingly.

Not always, but quite frequently, members of the frightened herd will return and endeavour to get the wounded one away from the danger spot. If it has fallen they will attempt to lift it by driving their tusks beneath it and lifting. If it is on its feet but has, for instance, a broken shoulder, one elephant will get on each side, and by pushing against the wounded one endeavour to support it that it can move and get away.

Why do elephants do this? Does the wounded animal tell them by its call that it is hurt and helpless and in dire need? The returning elephants must know that they are incurring mortal risk by coming back, else they would not have fled in the first place. I believe that the elephants are answering a definite, perfectly understood call for help, and that they answer it because of an affection which exists between them and the elephant in trouble.

The average herd of African buffalo consists of from forty to over a hundred animals of all ages and both sexes, excepting very old bulls. The herd is generally led by a cow.

Herds migrate about a given district in their continual search for grass, water, and shade. In the parts of the district from which man is habitually absent, the herd acts very differently than in those parts where man is likely to be encountered. In the country lying far to the west of the Nanzela Mission in the Namwala district of Northern Rhodesia, for instance, the herbivorous animals—including buffalo—are found grazing late in the morning and early in the afternoon. They drink often about midday. This is country where few, if any, natives or whites ever hunt.

But in the border country, where natives are constantly passing to and fro seeking veldt fruits or on fishing or hunting excursions, the herbivorous animals adopt very different habits. Buffalo lie up most of the day in shady, hard-to-get-at patches of thick bush. They emerge only after the sun has gone down, and sunrise again finds them cropping a last few mouthfuls just at the edge of the thick stuff. As soon as clear light floods the veldt the buffalo disappear into the thickets.

Which buffalo actuates the herd? Or does any buffalo lead in the sense that all others follow blindly? It does not seem possible that all the animals in a herd of one hundred would follow one cow without any thoughts of their own. And what in the first place so put the leader apart that she should be so chosen? How is she chosen?

Through a herd, through the social life of all groups of animals, there is a thread which connects one animal with every other animal. I do not think that this thread is instinct, because stampeding, for instance, is caused by fear, and fear is not instinctive. I am inclined to believe that herd movements are governed almost entirely by conscious thought tempered by experience. In stating this belief I bear in mind Morgan's principle that no act should be ascribed to a higher mental faculty if it can be satisfactorily accounted for in terms of a lower one.

At one time during my last African trip we were busy capturing buffalo. Once a herd returned to assist a calf caught in a pitfall and bellowing for help. Whenever a member of the herd became trapped the others remained close by for hours, and judging from their tracks roamed around in feverish anxiety and worriment.

And here I find myself falling into an error. I say a calf was bellowing for help. That is my interpretation. All I can honestly report is that the calf was bellowing. Someone else might well interpret the bellowing in some other manner.

Buffalo, at least the buffalo about my camp at Banga, knew what pitfalls were. Only very occasionally did we drop an adult. Those which we usually captured were youngsters, not yet wise in veldt lore, which ran along the fringes of the herd. They had not yet submitted to the discipline which appears to be a necessary component of herd life. As a result they cut across places which the herd was going around, and fell into pits while doing so.

Once down, they bellowed. Usually we found them early in the morning and got them out without great difficulty, but twice the herd, of which they were members, came thundering back after having been absent an hour or two. When they return thus, the herd comes from the nearest thick bush where it has been lingering uncertainly. And they always come at the moment when the calf is being manhandled in efforts to extricate it, and consequently bellowing frantically.

One herd came back when we had just got the calf out and were preparing to blindfold it. They came with a rush, heads straight out, and in a compact mass. We ran for trees. What else could we do? You cannot fight off forty or more determined buffalo. As a result the herd recovered the calf and took it away with them. The last we saw of that calf, it was galloping along with a rope dragging behind.

At Banga we had two main lines of pitfalls, the north and the west. There were some three-hundred pits in each line. A party of four lions discovered the north line and proceeded to haunt it. No sooner did we catch an animal in a pit than the lions would attack it, kill it, and after dragging it out of the pit, proceed to feast upon it. This became such a regular habit that for weeks we lost every animal which fell into our pits in the north line.

As a retaliatory measure we put out big steel lion traps and baited them succulently. Irony of ironies! We caught not a lion, but a buffalo which somehow stepped into a trap.

Reading the tracks the following morning was easy. A small herd, some twenty-five buffalo, had come along the trails early in the night. One had put its foot in the trap and at once had begun a frantic, terrified fight to get loose. But it was impossible, and the heavy log to which the trap was attached kept it from moving far. Other members of the herd forwent their drink and stayed with the trapped companion.

Then the four lions arrived. The bellowings and the reek of buffalo attracted them. But they could not get at the one which was trapped. All night long the free members of the herd circled about their companion and protected it from the four lions which roamed in a wider circle. Whenever one tried to rush in the free buffalo charged upon it.

When daylight flooded the veldt the attack and counter-attack were still going on. But the battle was in very open country, and the buffalo in the end gave way and left. When my pitfall boys arrived less than an hour after sunrise, the lions had just succeeded in killing the trapped buffalo. The natives drove them away, and found that the buffalo, except for claw and teeth marks, was untouched. The next night Earl Frank and I shot the leading male lion as he returned to his kill.

Such an act as this, if men were engaged instead of buffalo, would be called an exhibition of courage and devotion. Is it the same with buffalo? Frankly, I hesitate to say, because so many interpretations can be put upon a word. Yet of one thing I am certain. The act of a herd in returning to attempt to help a comrade in distress, or remaining by one, is not an act of instinct. It is prompted by emotion and thought. No species of animal which returns in the face of danger does so at every opportunity. It would be entirely possible to hunt buffalo for months and never witness such an exhibition.

Lions generally do not roam about in parties of more than five or seven. As many as twenty-five have been seen together, but I do not believe such large gatherings are in any way permanent associations. It does, however, seem probable that lions mate for life and that the troops of five or seven or three or four are groups of lions which also stay together for years and possibly for life.

Near the Kafue River I once trapped a lioness in a reedy hard-to-get-into donga. When the trap natives—two of them—approached in the early morning the first intimation they had that they had caught anything was a terrific roar from the reeds and the sudden rush of a large lion. They retreated hurriedly. As soon as the natives had gone what the lion considered a reasonable distance he returned to the reeds.

When I came out, driving a motor-truck loaded with natives and cameras, the lion was nowhere to be seen. Undoubtedly he was somewhere near, for he returned that night and searched for the mate, which we had carried away. The second night we caught him, so he finally did rejoin his wife. I think our great show of force was too much for him to face that first day.

As though the herd and social life of wild animals were not sufficiently complicated, there is one thing which occurs which is entirely contrary to any I have mentioned. This is the separating of adult males from their herds. This is something which does not happen in every herd by any means. It is true of elephants, buffalo, hippopotami, roan, sable, wildebeest, eland, hartebeest, and many other antelopes. I have yet to see a solitary zebra, baboon, impalla, bush-pig, or wild dog. Lions are sometimes found alone, and, of course, there are single leopards and rhinos. The last two never, so far as I am aware, form permanent or even semi-permanent groups. A single lion is the last of a group or one which has fallen out of a troop because of illness, injury, or a fight, and is searching for another to which it can join.

To me the most curious thing connected with these single bulls is the fact that, when they first leave the herd, they are the most fitted to be breeding sires. They are fully adult, strong and in every way perfect. They are the most sought after by sportsmen because they generally carry the best formed heads and are perfect. It is also to be supposed that such adult bulls are, or would be, most valuable to a herd because of their experience and fighting ability. But it is seldom that males which have reached complete maturity are found with a herd. Almost invariably they run alone or in company with a few other males.

I do not believe it possible for any man to interpret these herd actions. Certainly I would not attempt to do so.

Whatever may turn out to be the correct method of interpretation, there seems to be no doubt that herds of animals are bound together by some common bond. It is a bond which leads them to follow a leader, return to assist a wounded comrade, search for a missing member, run together, drink together, and occasionally to separate. This bond is not just instinct, wonderful as that is. It is something more developed. It may be conscious thought. Courage, affection, fear and instinct are parts of it. Beyond this I cannot go. But if it is possible to explain these actions, many human actions, particularly crowd movements, would become more understandable.

THE PRIZE
of a
TIGER-SHOOT
at KOTAH

This unusual picture taken by K. L. Syed, shows a tiger being brought ashore after being shot on the banks of the River Chambal at Kotah by the Maharaja of Ratlam. Ratlam is a small State and town of Central India, adjacent to Rajputana in the plateau division of the agency. Drained by the Mahi river, it has an area of 643 square miles and a population of 75,000. It has a population mainly Hindu with a considerable Muslim element and several thousand Jains. The town of Ratlam is a railway junction for Agra, Indore and Baroda. With a population of 28,000, it is a great centre of the opium trade

GOLDEN DANCERS of BALI

Ritual Dancers of Siam and the Dutch East Indies

MORTAL AND GOD: Exponents from the Royal Temple Troupe of a dance interpreting a religious legend in Bangkok, Siam. The mask is used in the Greek manner, at once to aggrandize and impersonalize the performers

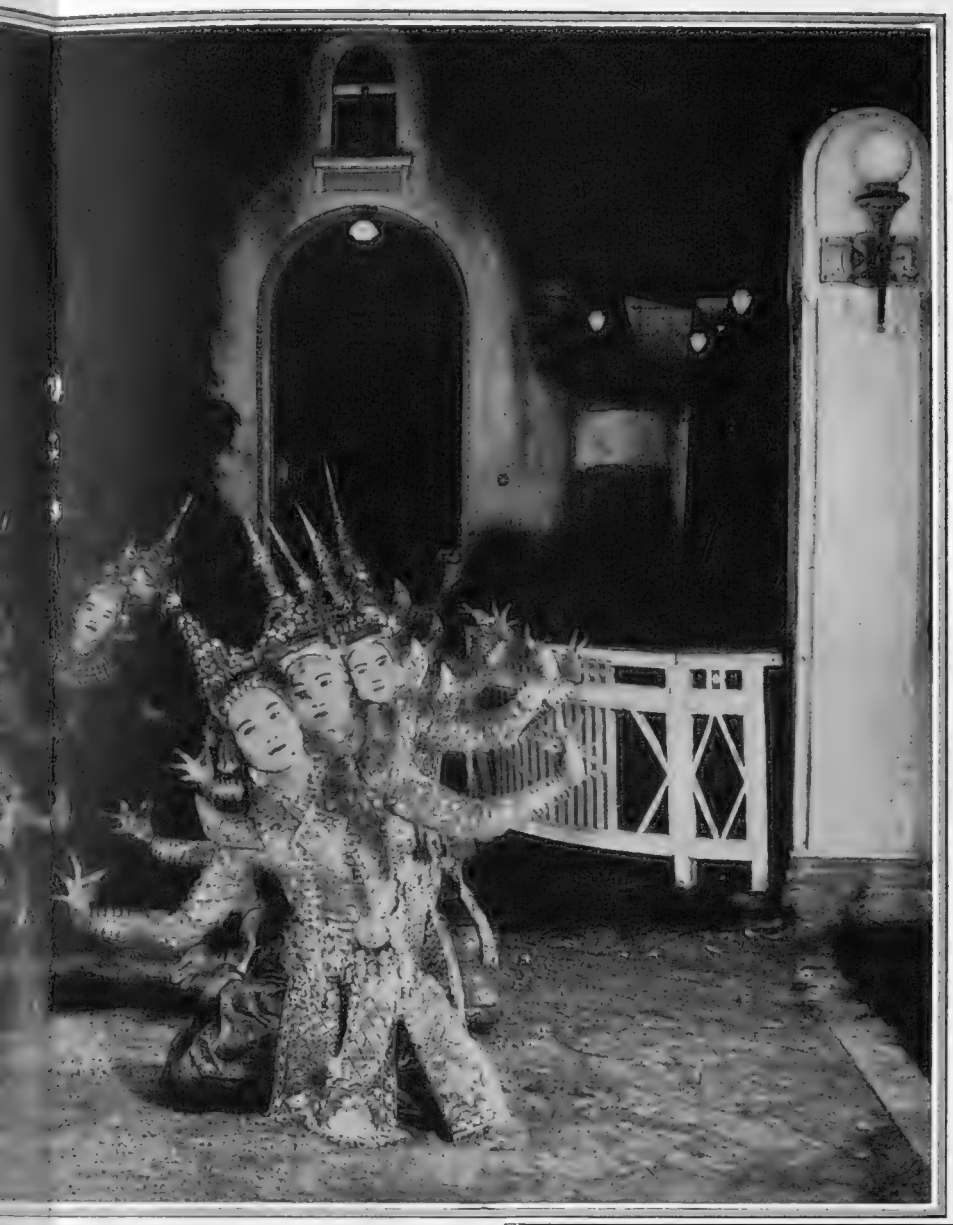
GEMMED WITH THE PANOPLY OF ORIENTAL Dancers of Siam in one of the interpretive dances in which hood their endurance and their technique are alike remar wide reputation

DRESSED IN CLOTH OF GOLD: Balinese Hindu Temple dancing girls in their gorgeous, even garish costumes. They are dedicated to the Temple at the age of four, from which year they are trained in the Terpsichorean art. These two girls are of exceptional beauty according to the standards of the Dutch East Indies

THE TEMPTATION OF ARDJUNA: Temple dancers legend of the Hindu Ramayan. Bali Island lies of

The old rite of Terpsichore in its ultimate form — that of the expression of dramatic and emotional motives — persists in certain places in the world, notably in those districts where the Hindu influence reigns supreme. In Java and in Siam, the dancing reaches, perhaps, its highest

peak. For great scac the themes The practi and are un admitted to



NTAL OPULENCE: *The Royal Temple in which they specialize. Trained from child- ke remarkable. They have achieved a world- tation*

CROWNED WITH A MINARET: One of the Royal Temple Dancers of Siam. This picture gives a vivid impression of the detailed opulence characteristic of the costumes in which this Buddhist troupe perform

dancers of Bali in a ballet interpreting a nd lies off the eastern tip of Java

eak. For here formalism, unknown even in the reat academies of Russia, is developed and he themes depicted are complex to a degree. The practitioners are dedicated at the age of four nd are unpaid, deeming it sufficient honour to be dmitted to the various sacred troupes.

PROTAGONISTS IN THE LEGONG: Balinese dancers in cloth of gold in a famous Hindu myth. Though adult in appearance, these girls are only eleven years of age

GODS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES: An angle in a temple of Bali. The gods, which grin with a curiously life-like and malignant air, are carved in dark brown stone, but are out- lined in white and yellow paint work

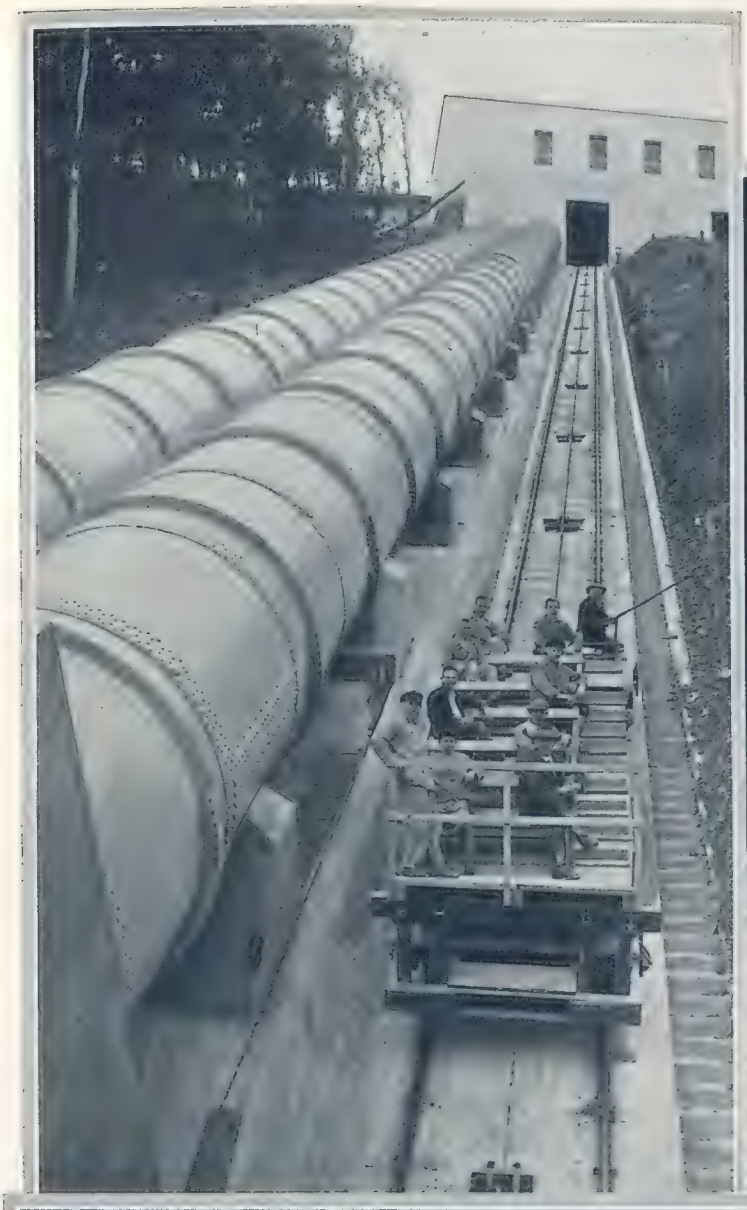
DUNLOP — BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR CAR TYRE MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H. 598

ELECTRIFYING ENGLAND

The Great Scheme Progresses Apace



THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS: In connection with the National Scheme for electrifying the country, sub-stations are being erected all over the land to link up with larger power stations. One such sub-station is in course of construction at Strood, Kent, which will enable even the smallest villages in the vicinity to enjoy light and power. *Above*—THE PIPE LINE OF THE GREATEST POWER STATION IN EUROPE: A scene near the slide-valve house at the Speicherkraftwerk (electric power station) at Herdecke on the Ruhr

ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING: The triangular flare of lacy light, resulting from the discharge of 1,500,000 volts, of three-phase alternating current at sixty cycles. The picture was taken at a demonstration given by the American General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Mass., in connection with their new 2,000,000 volt transformers. The spark points at each corner of the picture are nine feet apart. The separate threads of light visible in the centre and around the edge of the picture represent the succeeding waves of electrons generated by the alternating current. The human eye is neither quick enough nor highly tuned enough to perceive these lines, and the camera had to be equipped with a lens of quartz through which the rays penetrated to the plate

ELECTRICITY IN EVERY HOME: Work is fast going ahead on the scheme destined to provide every home in Great Britain with electrical power and light. By 1935 there will be 666 distribution centres at work supplying "juice" to 42,000,000 people. This picture shows the maze of overhead wires and insulators at the new distribution centre at Pepper Hill, Southfleet, Kent

The ENGLAND *of* YESTERDAY

And the Riviera of To-day

By CECIL ROBERTS

The more I see of authors and the spots in which they have buried themselves to work, the more doubtful I am whether place and scene have anything to do with its quality. One can become addicted to a table against a wall and find it more conducive to work than the loveliest writing-room with a view. In his new novel, *The Winding Lane* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), Sir Philip Gibbs portrays a young novelist, Francis Brandon, who goes down into Surrey to write. He is an obscure fellow who has not yet been swept into the perilous whirlpool of the best-sellers, and he chooses a tiny cottage near Harley Green in which to write. This ideal of a cottage in the country is much cherished among writers, but Sir Philip has put his finger on the weak spot at once. People who live in the country get so sick of their neighbours that the presence of a new person results in something like a mass attack on the would-be recluse. And if he has anything purporting to glamour about his name or occupation, then his retreat becomes a house of call for every bore in the neighbourhood. I am not suggesting that was Sir Philip's experience when he retreated to Shamley Green, thinly disguised in this book as Harley Green. He loves his fellow men too well to enjoy playing the recluse, but as his hero, Francis Brandon, discovered in due time, one is lonelier and has more privacy in a London flat than anywhere else on earth, particularly if one can resist the installation of the telephone. In *The Winding Lane* there is another peril. A neighbour has a daughter, a fascinating, tantalizing daughter named Pearl. I disapproved of the young lady from the beginning to the end, when she got herself engaged to a financial crook who obligingly shot himself, and then, having married Brandon and let him plunge into the terrors of an American lecture tour, smashed herself up in an aeroplane crash. I knew she was going to upset Brandon's work as well as his life. Shy young novelists in lonely country cottages ask for trouble of that kind.

And what has happened to Sir Philip? At the end of this book he is most ruthless, and condemns the disturbing Pearl to a flight from which there is no return. Moreover, in this absorbing story there is a terrible moral. Here is the nightmare of success. Let every unsuccessful novelist, living on three or four hundred a year, read this book and pray that he may never become a best-seller. This novel is a confession so frank, so vital, of a man fighting for the preservation of his soul that it should be read as an antidote to the poison of success-at-any-price which vulgarizes and destroys modern life.

I recently made a reference to the current illusion that the literary man who departs with a flourish of trumpets on an American lecture tour returns with a wad of dollars in his pocket. My statement that the American lecture tour is for most a grand illusion aroused contradiction from those who still hope to embark for El Dorado. Now here is unexpected corroboration of all I said. I suppose that, with Hugh Walpole, Sir Philip shares the distinction of being the most popular draw on the American lecture platform. But nevertheless he has said good-bye to it for ever, and I do not doubt that the words of Francis Brandon in this novel arise from his own experience. The fiftieth chapter contains the best description of a lecturer's feelings I have ever read. For myself I never suffered these terrors of the platform, but I appreciate the heroism of those who do. And after the ordeal what was Brandon's reward?

"Financially his lecture tour was not a success. He had delivered twenty lectures at an average fee of eight hundred dollars, a round sum of sixteen thousand dollars, or three thousand and four hundred pounds in English money. But his expenses had to be deducted although guaranteed. His agent's fee of forty per cent. had to be deducted. The United States Government claimed 6 per cent. of his earnings. His literary agent in London, who had arranged the tour, claimed ten per cent. A year later the Inland Revenue Department would claim fifty per cent. of what was left for surtax and income tax . . . Francis Brandon might have made more by staying at home and writing a few short stories."

The other day I found myself being taken around one of the loveliest gardens on the French Riviera, and we ended our little tour of the swimming pool, the tennis courts, and the orangery, in a writing-room which had been newly constructed for my host. Here again was proof that writers work better away from the distractions of beauty. For this writing-room that Somerset Maugham showed me had no windows in the south wall. They would have given him one of the world's loveliest views from the grounds of his villa at Cap Ferrat, across the blue waters of Villefranche Harbour to Cap d'Antibes and the Esterelles beyond. There was a window in the west wall, however, that must be one of the most singular on that coast. It consisted of painted glass which Maugham had transported from Tahiti. The window was the work of Gaugin and had been painted by him in his own house in the South Seas as he lay there in his last illness. It is a characteristic and beautiful design of a native woman, in excellent preservation. Even this has been placed so that Maugham labours with its beauty behind him.

I can well understand the necessity of this retreat. For me there is something paralysing to creative effort in beauty such as this into which Somerset Maugham has ensconced himself. His villa, white and Moorish in style, was originally built by a retired priest who had made a fortune out of converting the heathen in Africa! Somerset Maugham's own good fortune is not unconnected with missionaries — there is the unforgettable one in *Rain*—and he has a nice understanding of the pagan spirit. Here the parallel of the two proprietors of the Villa Mauresque ends.

There is little danger of the perfection of Somerset Maugham's retreat, a perfection as much reflected in the taste of its interior as in its exterior and location, affecting his creative gift. He must be one of the world's most travelled authors, and *dolce far niente* will never, I feel, be his motto. There is visible in his eyes the philosophic spirit which is not worn by what it experiences, a great gift, and this reserve of power is not likely to be enfeebled by local circumstance. At an age when most men would feel stultified by success equivalent to his—he is the foremost figure in the English theatre (shouts of "Shaw" and "Noel Coward" to the contrary!) and his most recent output reveals the undiminished force of his ironic analysis of life. In his conversation, as in his work, there is no waning of his interest in the human comedy.

Walking around the incredible maze of houses that cluster about Roquebrune's castle, whence one observes that Time—contrary to Byron's declaration—writes many wrinkles on the sea's azure brow far below, I came upon another writer's retreat. The *curé* has a garden at the side of his church on the mountainous steep, and it is here, on this tiny terrace with its sunlit vista of the mountains and the sea, that Mrs. C. N. Williamson retreats to write her books. She once occupied, with her husband—the partner in so many Williamson romances—a delightful villa down on Cap Martin, which is now owned, I believe, by Lord Rothermere. I should find the *curé's* garden more distracting than the villa, for here the world is spread like a pageant at one's feet. A few yards outside the church, when the French mothers came to fetch their children from school and stood under the ancient arches, vivid in their magenta, lemon, and scarlet shawls, I chanced upon such a picture, Neapolitan in every respect, as made me wish to exchange forthwith the pen for the brush.

Sir George Sitwell must have given many years of research and labour to *The Hurts of Haldworth* (Oxford University Press. 21s.). In this work he follows the lives of the Hurt family and their descendants and provides a most fascinating picture of social and domestic life in Hallamshire, at Nottingham, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at Rotherham under Cromwell, and at Sheffield in the eighteenth century. Before proceeding with the history of the Hurts, Sir George has written an introduction outlining the rise of the franklin and yeoman class, which is a masterpiece of its kind in the minute reconstruction of that early society growing out of dying feudalism.

The Hurt family appears to have been at no time in its history very distinguished. By careful marriages they augmented their estates, and they did not scorn entering into business. Shrewdness seems to have been their chief characteristic, and intermarriage in the family conserved their growing wealth. They came under the interest of the great house of Furnival and served under its banner, They established themselves among what we would term the County gentry, but riches in those days were only comparative things. It is with Richard Hurt that the family rises to its greatest eminence. He was thrice mayor of Nottingham under Queen Elizabeth. I thought I knew the history of that town pretty well, but Sir George has astonished me with the most extraordinary record he has compiled of a town whose eminence and wealth, together with its geographical position, came near to making it at one time the most important town in the kingdom.

Richard Hurt, thus notable in a town of importance, found himself the centre of notable events. Its medieval customs were still maintained with pomp and ceremony. It had a picturesque Watch on Midsummer Eve when the citizens gathered with arms, it had the ceremony of bringing in the May, it was the scene of the ballad exploits of Robin Hood, and there was the annual procession to St. Anne's Well, which reads like a chapter out of the Italian Renaissance. The market-place, the largest open square in Europe, was, until a few years ago, a remarkable sight. It has now been made a ludicrous spectacle by an ambitious attempt at modernization that has killed its unique character, for until recent times the booths of its bi-weekly market and its annual Goose Fair gave it a mediæval air.

His nephew, Nicholas, son of Nicolas Hurt of Savile Hall, also came near to great events in history, for he was agent at Wentworth to the great Lord Strafford, of whom Sir George gives a delightful portrait. We then pass to Rotherham in the time of Cromwell, and Sheffield under the two Georges, following the even lives of the Hurts until they merge into the Sitwells. This book should take rank along with the *Paston Letters* for the richness of its detail and the delightful insight it provides into the life of the English family seen at its best.

The Readers' List

Smith of Birkenhead, *by H. A. Taylor* **(Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net).**—Pending a full biography of Lord Birkenhead this very readable volume gives the main lines of one of the most astonishing adventurers of our day. Courage, resource, and audacity, allied with genuine mental endowments, were all combined in a career that somehow failed, splendid though the failure was. Mr. Taylor, who writes with knowledge and without adulation, suggests that Birkenhead's life-long inability to live within his means resulted in his taking a channel that cheated him of supreme success. The fascination of his personality is well conveyed in this most interesting sketch.

The Merry Mistress, *by Jehanne d'Orillac* **(Harrap 12s. 6d. net).**—One of those studies of famous mistresses that never seem to lack a public. Diane de Poitiers had many virtues except virtue. Loved by Henri II when a boy, later his mistress, she ruled his Court for twenty-eight years. The author believes she was not only a great but a good woman. This curious conception apart, the story of her rise and power supplies a vivid pageant of French Court history.

The Sea Raiders, *by E. Keble Chatterton* **(Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net).**—A history of the War raiders, apart from submarines, whose exploits have been somewhat overlooked. The *Emden's* exploits have been omitted as well known, but the author has collected a thrilling list of other raiding exploits which reveal heroism on both sides alike. It is a great sea epic, and many of the German exploits here narrated will do much to redeem the character of their sea record.

Carl Akeley's Africa, *by Mary L. Akeley* **(Gollancz. 18s. net).**—This splendidly illustrated volume is a tribute to the memory of Carl Akeley, one of the greatest naturalists who made Africa his field. As a zoologist and big-game collector and an expert in the fauna of Africa he was perhaps without a rival. But he was also something of a poet in his sensitiveness to natural beauty. The evidence of it escapes from every page of this story of his life's work.

French Novelists from the Revolution to Proust, *by Fred C. Green* **(Dent. 7s. 6d. net).**—Professor Green has here continued his admirable *French Novelists from the Renaissance to the Revolution.* This book completes the survey down to the last great figure of our own times. He has a definite point of view which makes his opinion interesting. This downrightness renders him incapable of appreciating Gide while apologetic for the aberrations of Proust, but the value of this book lies in its courageous pioneer attitude in a field so new that few venture a decisive opinion.

Somebody Must, *by Guy Pocock* **(Dent. 7s. 6d. net).**—A well-written if plain narrative of an attractiv family suddenly reduced to poverty. The Lamburn family, father, mother, and children, including Nannie, are all extremely human—the effect upon their several characters by the ordeal of necessity is cleverly portrayed.

Miss Higgs and Her Silver Flamingo, *by Richard Blake Brown* **(Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net).**—Once the initial extravagance of the author's plot is forgiven, there is gusto in this story of the plain, unloved secretary who, attending the last moments of a peer in the train, finds herself a temporary mistress of millions. It is an extravanganza in which economy and morality are suspended to enable the reader to riot in a world gone mad but ceaselessly surprising and entertaining.

André Maurois, *by David Glass Lang* **(Sharley. 3s. 6d. net).**—There will be many to welcome this small, well-written study of a Frenchman who has taught us to see ourselves. The chief outline of M. Maurois's career is supplemented by just those facts of his life and philosophy that one is curious to learn, and Mr. Lang has a gift for compression that enables him to make a full study in a short space.

ART *and the* DRAMA

The Creation of a New Theatre in Edinburgh

THE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR OF EDINBURGH'S FORTHCOMING REPERTORY THEATRE: Mr. Michael MacOwen busy on the plans of the Little Theatre

MASKS OF CARNIVAL: Fantastic creations executed by Franz Fiedler of Dresden. On left—EDINBURGH'S NEW THEATRE: Mr. MacOwen, the stage director, discussing the plans with Miss M. R. Caird, the scenic designer, and Mr. D. C. Thomson, where Miss Caird is executing a decorative frieze

The proud City of the Hills, the Athens of the north, Edinburgh is to have a Repertory Theatre to be known as the Little Theatre. Educated at Haileybury and later at the R.A.D.A., Mr. Michael MacOwen, who has been appointed Production Manager of the Little Theatre, has ever had a passion for the theatre. Mr. MacOwen joined the Macdona Shaw Company as actor and assistant stage manager, and later joined a stock company in Yorkshire. Thereafter he worked in a repertory theatre inaugurated by the late Dennis Eadie and Arthur Gibbons in Bath. He was seen in *Young Woodley*, studying the while the production methods of Mr. Basil Dean, and later played under the direction of both M. Komisarjevsky and Mr. Maurice Browne. He has also been associated with the Gate Theatre and has produced many amateur enterprises. He bids fair, therefore, to make a great success of the new venture in the Scottish capital

ARTIST, PORTRAIT AND MODEL: Mr. Oliver Messel, the young Society portrait painter seen at work in his studio painting Mrs. Raymond Massey, the wife of one of the most brilliant of the younger school of actors and herself an actress whose skill and charm were seen to advantage in Private Lives*—the Noel Coward soufflé now in New York. Mrs. Massey plays under the name of Adrienne Allen. Mr. Messel has also made a name as a designer of very clever masks*

BEAKS *and* HORNS
at the Persian Exhibition

A BURNER OF INCENSE: A striking bronze, the wings and tail feathers of which are engraved; the neck and back of which are open-work. It dates from the XII–XIII century and has a Kufic benedictory inscription engraved on it. It is lent by Mr. R. A. Harari

AN AQUAMANILE IN BRONZE: This remarkable piece, which dates from the VII–VIII century, is of scroll pattern with confronted hares in roundels. It is lent by the Islamische Kunstableilung, Staatliche Museen, Berlin

SHOWING THE SASANIAN INFLUENCE: A ewer in bronze found during the excavations at Busir and Malak. It is ascribed to the seventh century, and is lent by the Musée Arabe, Cairo

A PERSIAN DUCK: A vase in porcelain covered with a white glaze, painted in blue. Five inches in length, it dates from the seventeenth century. The Persian blue is a famous—and perhaps the most attractive—colour in the Exhibition

A BRONZE IBEX: A piece, probably Achæmenid, 17.5 by 5 c.m., lent by Mr. Oscar Raphael to the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House

THE LEG OF A THRONE: This bronze has the head, wing, and claw of a gryphon. Lent by M. A. Rabenou, Paris, it is ascribed to the Sasanian period

Verily there is nothing new under the sun—in the world of art as in the other spheres of life. Striking testimony of this dictum of the cynical psalmist is to be found in the Persian Art Exhibition. In the highly simplified yet conventionalized forms there to be seen is apparent much of the same atmosphere as is seen in the work of the symbolists and expressionists who are regarded as being in the van of the modern movement. These twentieth-century ladies and gentlemen draw their inspiration entirely either from figures known as ancient, when Euclid was a boy, from the primeval deities of savage civilizations, or from the art of many centuries ago. The majority of the subjects shown on this page are pre-Islamic, for the strict Muslim will allow only decoration undefiled with form, human or animal, in his artistic system. Up to the present there is no agreement between scholars about the peculiar characteristics of Persian metalwork. It is to be hoped that the exhibition will enable further steps to be made to classify the Persian group. No real advance has been made since the Munich Exhibition of 1910 and the list drawn up by Migeon. There are a group of bronzes, signed and apparently dated, belonging to north-eastern Persia; they permitted the grouping around them of others with inlay of copper and silver. A piece from north-western Persia, bearing only engraved ornaments without inlay, indicates another group

BIRDS *of the* SEA *and* LAND

The Gulls of the Shetlands and Negit Islands, California; and the Pelicans of St. James's Park

A WINGED BULLY: The greater black-backed gull which, in Shetland attacks unattended sheep during the lambing season. He will blind his victim and so injure it, that, if it does not succumb to its injuries on the spot, it requires to be killed immediately its plight is discovered. Shetland rears a large number of sheep, many of which are owned by crofter-fishermen. These sheep graze on the hills (the common scattald); they are not tended in a regular way, and are liable to fall easy prey to such attacks when not able to defend themselves. The proposal of the local authority to pay eightpence for each bird killed is also extended to include ravens and hooded crows, both resident birds in the Shetland Islands. This proposal will, it is believed, mean salvation to the Shetland herds

EMBRYONIC SEA-GULLS: A well-constructed nest on Negit Island, off the Californian coast, containing the almost invariable trio of eggs laid by sea-gulls. They are of robin's egg blue, and are spotted with black and varying shades of brown

A HUNGRY BROOD: Young sea-gulls on Negit Island. They are of a yellowish drab speckled with black, and, like human children, are a great source of worry to their anxious parents, for they paddle, though half fledged, far into the sea to the alarm of their squawking fathers and mothers

SPREADING THEIR WINGS: Baby gulls in the arms of Mrs. Frasher, the wife of the photographer who has taken all the Negit Island pictures reproduced on this page

'BILLS' EVER OPEN TO THE CHARITABLE: The pelicans in St. James's Park attract attention and food

On Negit Island, California, there are three, to four acres of rough southerly slope so crowded with nests of sea-gulls that it is next to impossible to walk among them without crunching the eggs. Some are laid in bare lava rocks and sand, many on bits of grass and sticks, and a few in real nests.

About three weeks later the downy, fluffy black-speckled young gulls run and roll into the waters and paddle far out of reach to the accompaniment of the excited screaming of countless of over-alarmed parent birds. In the summer of 1917 there were but a few hundred stragglers, all on Paoha Island (an Indian name meaning "Spirit of the Mists"); in 1919 it was estimated that there were a 1,000 pairs at the lake, mainly on Negit Island. However, eight years ago they deserted the "Spirit of the Mists" altogether, and now there must be 20,000 pairs on Negit.

LONDON—A Second Hollywood

From being a Negligible Film-Producing City, London is now the Second-ranking Filmopolis in the World

By a Special CORRESPONDENT of "THE SPHERE"

A BRITISH FILM SPECTACLE: A cabaret scene during the production of Bridegroom's Widow, *at the B.I. Studios, Elstree, directed by Richard Eichberg*

It was prophesied two years ago that the growth of the talking film—with the consequent necessity of indoor studio production—would lessen the power of Hollywood, whose greatest asset had always been the photogenic quality of its sunshine. Yet I can find no trace of any responsible authority having dared to prophesy that in two short years London would have risen from a state of complete stagnation to the eminence of the second film city of the world.

And, moreover, this phenomenal development is no mushroom growth, but has an economic basis that guarantees its still further enlargement during the next few years. Let us then examine a map of Greater London, in the centre and on the fringes of which we may mark the various film-producing centres as they stand at the opening of the third year of the talking film's practical success.

No claim—it must be understood—is yet made for the artistic or commercial superiority of English-made films; but just as bricks cannot be baked without straw, so talking films cannot be made without special studios. In the old days of the silent screen it was comparatively easy to make a film, especially if the climate were kind to the producer. If you wanted to stage a scene outside a country house it was only necessary to borrow a suitable mansion and erect your camera. The talking film, however, is demanding a far more complicated and expensive process of production. A scene is still "shot" of a real country house, but the view is then dissolved into a facsimile portion of that house which has been erected in a studio especially designed for the purposes of clarity of dialogue.

Thus the first requirement of a would-be producing centre is adequate acreage of sound studios. It is in this matter of acreage that London has made such vast strides, and we will now descend from the general to the particular and examine more closely the actual constitution of Europe's and one of the world's largest production units—that of the British International Pictures at Elstree.

The eighth "sound stage" has just been staged at this little Hertfordshire hamlet of Boreham Wood—close to the actual Elstree village—which stands about a mile off the Northern arterial road, and some fifteen miles from Charing Cross.

How big is a "sound stage"? Well, the standard size is about large enough to hold four complete sets of scenery such as adorn the stages of a big West End theatre. As complete sets are not always required, as many as ten "shots" can be provided for on one sound stage at the same time, the process of erection and destruction going on at intervals during the making of a film, which takes between four and eight weeks.

At Elstree the sound stages are enclosed in huge corrugated iron hangars which resemble nothing more than airship sheds. On entering one of these hangars you find the various stages, built of brick, towering some 40 ft. upwards, with various doors; indeed, a sound stage is really just an enormous apartment, with a travelling crane overhead, and the walls fitted with some sound-proof material—at Elstree the material is an isinglass composite with layers of a certain seaweed in between.

Elstree has now five of these "sound stages," each quite capable of housing a complete production; it has two smaller stages working as a complementary unit; and one small theatre-stage. Where this particular production plant glories over its rivals, however, is in the possession of a vast silent studio over 100 yards long, about 50 yards wide, and about as high as Olympia. This is used for big and spectacular production sets, and—like each of the bigger sound stages — is fitted with water tanks under the floor.

Thus Elstree, with its own electricity plant, carpenters' shops, paint shops, and plastering studio, is capable of turning out anything up to fifty talking films a year. Two years ago these same studios—erected by the genius of a Glasgow lawyer called John Maxwell—were stagnant! They had been started in a small way as silent studios and then caught napping by the arrival of the talkies; in two years they have been transformed into a production unit employing 600 technicians!

British International Pictures have their own selling organization with world-wide connections, thus constituting themselves the biggest single force in English film-land. Their selling and exhibiting rivals are the Gaumont-British group, with even bigger resources but less co-ordination. One of the production units of this group is actually British International's tenant, and immediate neighbour, at Elstree.

This is the British and Dominions Company, with two sound stages, one of which is believed to be the best-equipped in the country and certainly one of the largest. Just how valuable a sound stage is at the present moment—when American companies are seeking accommodation for the production of talkies in this country—may be judged from the fact that an Elstree stage was recently rented-out at a fee of £1,200 a week, which puts even the most exorbitantly-boosted West End playhouse completely in the shade!

The central unit of the Gaumont-British group is really at Shepherd's Bush, where films have been made since before the War, and the consequent domination of American films in world markets.

Here are water-tanks and two sound stages, one larger than the other; the production capacity of these studios is only one big picture at a time, using both stages simultaneously for the sake of speed, a very important factor in the economics of film-making.

At Shepherd's Bush, however, work is now going on night and day towards the erection of three more sound stages, one of which will dwarf all others in this country. The dimensions of this giant will be 75 yards long by about 60 yards wide, with corresponding height. The two other stages will bring the capacity of this important plant to at least three films at a time.

A brother studio of those at Shepherd's Bush is the Gainsborough plant in Poole Street, Islington, where some of the best pictures ever made in England have been produced during the past ten years—the place was originally started by one of the biggest American organizations. The Gainsborough people pride themselves on efficiency of production, and when their second sound stage is finished in a couple of months' time they will be able to carry on film-making at the rate of twenty pictures a year. Recently this unit has made incursions into the Beaconsfield studios which have hitherto housed a multiplicity of those many production companies which have aspirations—but no homes.

One of the oldest studios in England—that of the Stoll group, situated at Cricklewood—has long delayed the expansion of its facilities in the hope that it might benefit from the experience of its rivals. In three months' time their studio will have its second sound stage completed, with a capacity of fifteen big pictures a year.

Two other independent studios—producing on their own account, and also renting to other companies—are to be found at Twickenham and Walton-on-Thames. Each is turning out about a dozen films a year.

Thus—to sum up the position for 1931—it will be possible by this summer to take a car around London and, in the course of a day, see the production of twenty films, as follows: Elstree six, British and Dominions two, Gaumont four, Gainsborough two, Stoll two, Beaconsfield two, Twickenham one, and Walton-on-Thames one. Actually the observer would find nearer forty films at work—for so great is the tax being put on English production that any one sound-stage is scarcely ever at the complete disposal of the actual film in hand—sets are still being demolished while the first half of a talkie is being made, and scenery for its successor usually swamps the last days of a production.

Elstree is constantly at work on bi-lingual productions, in either French or German (and often in both), while the Walton-on-Thames studio has recently been making French, English and Spanish versions of the same film simultaneously, the efficiency of which process is hotly disputed by those producers who favour the taking of such versions in strict sequence.

What will the future hold for this extraordinary industry — one that not only gives thousands of people employment, but for the first time for sixteen years promises to become an unrivalled medium for the propagation of English ideas, ideals, arts and progress?

A PENTECOSTAL PRODUCTION: On left are the Spanish artists and on right the French artists who are being produced in England in the Talkie version of 77, Park Lane. The film is also being produced in English. London is the great centre for bi-lingual and tri-lingual productions and it is due in large measure to this fact that the "Hub of the Empire" is now the second film city in the world

PLAYS OF THE PASSING HOUR

"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE" IN NEW YORK: *A scene from the production at the Empire Theatre, presented by Gilbert Miller. Mr. Reginald Owen, Miss Valerie Taylor, Mr. Henry Stephenson, Miss Helen Hayes, and Mr. John Williams are seen above—Miss Hayes in the part created by Miss Diana Wynyard and Mr. Stephenson in that by Sir Nigel Playfair*

"A TIME BOMB—BUT WHAT TIME?" *Mr. Bobby Howes, in a comic disguise, in the spectacular production,* The Song of the Drum, *at Drury Lane, for which Dr. Stern has created most of the scenery*

"THE CIRCLE OF CHALK": *A moment from the successful production at the Arts Theatre Club of Mr. James Laver's translation of the Chinese classic by Klabung. Above—Miss Florence McHugh (Chang Hi-tang) and Mr. Walter Hudd (Pau, a prince) are seen. The presentation, with its scenery by Paul Shelving and its costumes by Aubrey Hammond, is arresting and effective. Miss McHugh makes a winsome Hi Tang*

A MODERN PORTIA: *Miss Jane Millican, who portrays the rôle of a woman barrister in* To Account Rendered, *the new play at the New Theatre, the theme of which is concerned with the melodramatic triumph of illegal equity over legal injustice. Several incidents verge on the improbable, but the play is powerful and extremely well acted.* Inset above—NO LONGER A PRINCESS, BUT STILL AN ARTIST: *Miss Fola Negri, who is to be seen at the Coliseum. The distinguished film star, but a few days ago the Princess Mdivani, is shown above studying her new part in her suite in Grosvenor House*

The World of Women

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

A SIMPLE BACHELOR-FLAT

By Derek PATMORE

It is an interesting fact that the demand for bachelor-flats for both sexes is still growing greater and greater. It is a pity that estate agents and builders do not cater for this demand more than they do at present. One is always hearing of young men and successful business women who want flats of this kind. Here is one which John Hill, the young English decorator, has designed for himself.

This flat is interesting as it typifies the movement at present among the cleverer decorators and designers of blending old furniture with modern settings. They have realized that much of the so-called modern furniture has not yet reached the comfort and effectiveness of the best of period furniture, and so instead of trying to devise a modern style, they prefer to surround old furniture with modern walls, carpets, and fabrics. The results are eminently attractive and livable.

There are definite signs of the return of the Victorian note in interior decoration. The dining-room shown above is an attractive example of a charming early Victorian manner. Designed by John Hill.

A corner of the living-room in a small flat, showing the stepped-shape bookcase in natural pine and a clever combination of new and old furniture

In the living-room the walls and ceiling are distempered a soft grey pink and varnished, and the fire-place has been boxed in with natural pine. This wood has also been used for the settee and stepped-shaped bookcases which have been built into the wall along this side of the room. The carpet is a rich chocolate brown, and this colour is also used in the modern design of the cushions and covers together with beige.

The dining-room is an enchanting study in early Victorianism, treated in the modern manner. The walls are papered in a soft grey-blue patterned paper, and the plain curtains are sea-green.

The designer's bedroom is an effective contrast in pattern and design. An unusual striped black and white cotton has been used for the curtains and finished off with a scalloped pelmet in blue chintz. The low divan bed is covered in a boldly patterned fabric in grey, brown, and cream, and the walls have been prepared in an effective modern wallpaper with a vague wave design.

Finally, in the kitchen the walls have been covered with a printed wallpaper in light blue, and the dresser, kitchen table, and cupboards have been painted in bright scarlet and white enamel.

This bedroom, designed by John Hill, shows interesting contrasts of fabrics. The curtains have black and white stripes and the pelmet is carried out in a pale-blue chintz

Your Persian Rugs EXPLAINED

By M. Sheriff MOTT

Since the opening of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House the hanging of Persian rugs on walls has become almost a national gesture. Unless, however, you understand your rug it is obviously a gesture devoid of meaning, for every type of design represents a complicated symbolism, originating it is said in ancient Babylon.

Even the irregularities of colour and pattern that are found in almost every rug mean something, and are put there for one or two reasons. This weaver will produce them in order to divert the evil eye; that weaver will do it because it is impious to produce a perfect thing since Allah only is perfect.

The distinguishing marks of the *Namazlyk*, or prayer rug, are the *mihrāb*, or arch, which varies in shape according to its class and group, and stands for the mosque, the lamp, the Tree of Life, and sometimes the pitcher. Extracts from the Koran, worked in long panels, are often included in the design; while in some rugs is woven a small rhomboidal figure, where the suppliant when at his devotions, places the pebble or morsel of earth which he brought from Mecca.

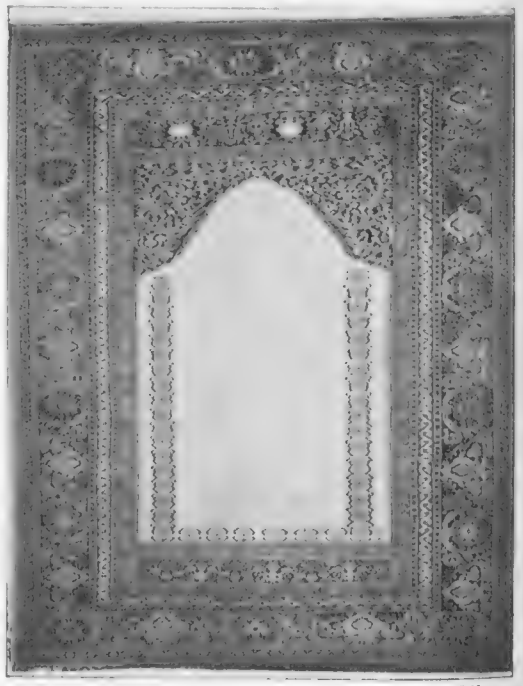
Broadly speaking, the distinguishing characteristics of the Persian rug are floral designs and bold, free curves.

A conspicuous feature in the design of Persian rugs is the prevalence of Chinese motives, which first appeared about the thirteenth century, when Persia was over-run by the Mongols. The two best-known motives are the dragon and the cloud band, the latter being symbolic of Heaven and the Deity.

The "hunting" designs are among the most fascinating of all Persian patterns. The symbolism of the animals is as follows: the lion stands for power and victory, also for the sun and the day; the antelope for restfulness and the moon. So a lion destroying an antelope would mean the victory of day over night. Leopards and hounds symbolize success and fame. And in the very old and very rare rugs of Iran you find those fabled creatures: the winged *djinni*, or Persian spirits.

Liberty

An example of a nomad rug made by the wandering tribes of Persia and the Caucasus. These rugs are notable for originality and variety of designs, rich colourings, and luxurious soft pile



Liberty

Here is a very fine and rare antique Ghiordes prayer-rug. The passing of nearly two centuries has scarcely dimmed the brilliance of its exquisite blues and yellows

CORNERS

and their treatment

A corner of a studio in Paris by Dim where built-in bookcases and cupboards are a decorative as well as a practical feature leaving the maximum amount of floor space in the room

This novel cupboard is an ideal corner treatment for the smaller room. Carried out in cherry it was designed by Gio Ponti

Here a dark corner is brightened by aid of reflections from a cheval mirror. The dressing-table is carried out in Amaranth wood and aluminium

In this example of corner furnishing by Au Bucheron there is a cabinet of unusual design with shelves and cupboards beside a comfortable settee

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—(continued)

BANKING of TO-DAY

A Review of the Serious "Slump" Year of 1930 In the World of Finance and Banking

By "BANQUIER"

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK: The Head Office, 15, Bishopsgate, E.C.

The impregnable position of British banks has been emphasized by the history of the past year. The year 1930 was indeed a difficult one. A trade depression unparalleled in its intensity, prevailed throughout, but the banking system of the country stood the strain with ease.

Banking is, of course, purely and simply a business; it is not, as some prefer to call it, a profession. As a business, therefore, its profits depend upon the the general state of trade, but our bankers in years gone by, even in times of the greatest prosperity, have conducted their business in such a conservative manner that enormous reserves have been built up. These reserves render the financial position of our banks unassailable, and although in lean years earnings might show some decline, any fluctuation in profits is not regarded with any feeling of alarm. In this respect our banking system compares favourably indeed with those of various foreign countries, on both sides of the Atlantic, where the greatest distress and upheaval are caused from time to time by the failure of some banking institution which had hitherto enjoyed the fullest confidence of its depositors.

Banking profits in 1930 naturally were expected to fall below the level of those of 1929, and the reports of our banks, now published, show a general decline in earnings. Bad trade means that there is less demand both for labour and for money, and consequently the amount of loans to customers outstanding has declined. Furthermore, the depressed state of industry in the country has necessitated the increased provision for doubtful debts. The aggregate net profits of our five largest banks for 1930 amount to £10,000,000, and although this figure shows some reduction from the 1929 total of £11,900,000, it must be felt that banks' shareholders and customers alike have cause for satisfaction with the success achieved by English banking through a deficient year.

The profits of Lloyds Bank amounted to £2,129,516, compared with £2,542,084 in 1929. This profit was sufficient to maintain the dividend at its previous rate of 16⅔ per cent., but the directors decided to make a slight reduction to 15 per cent. In view of the uncertain outlook for 1931 the prudent policy of the directors can give no cause for complaint. Westminster Bank profits have declined from £2,160,384 to £1,821,888, and although the dividend was maintained the chairman at the annual meeting mentioned the possibility of a reduction next time.

Barclay's profits, curiously enough, are almost the same as those of the Westminster, amounting to £1,821,207.

The Midland Bank's net earnings were £2,318,689 against £2,665,042, and the dividend of 18 per cent. is maintained on a capital which had been increased during the year.

The National Provincial Bank shows the smallest decline in profits, which at £1,930,854 compare with £2,189,704. Here, again, the 18 per cent. dividend is maintained. During the year the National Provincial has risen from the fifth to the fourth place amongst the Big Five as regards its volume of deposits which now stand at over £292,000,000.

The returns of the London Bankers Clearing House show that the turnover for 1930 amounted to the surprisingly high total of £38,783 millions. This total shows a decline of 2·9 per cent. from the £39,936 millions reached in 1929, but this falling off in business is more apparent than real, as during the year there has been a very marked fall in prices. It is not possible to judge the state of the country's business from the Clearing House grand totals, as the figures are artificially swollen by large inter-bank and Stock Exchange transactions. If, however, the turnover of the Metropolitan section of the Clearing House is taken, which comprises the cheques drawn on London branch banks other than those in the heart of the City, it is found that the percentage fall is only 2·8 per cent., while the index number of wholesale prices has fallen by 36 per cent. The fall in the country section of the Clearing House is 3·7 per cent., so it will be seen that the turnover of cheques in London and the country represents a much greater purchasing power than that of 1929.

At this time of the year the big banks hold their annual meeting.

The addresses at the Midland Bank meeting have long been noteworthy. The present chairman is, of course, Mr. Reginald McKenna, while his predecessor was the late Sir Edward Holden who did so much to change the annual bank meeting from a dull matter of routine to the live and interesting function that it is to-day.

Mr. McKenna, who is a member of the Government Committee now inquiring into our banking system and also an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, this year, in his own lucid style, gave the shareholders and the greater public without an interesting analysis of the present economic situation. The three main causes of our trouble, he maintained, are the maldistribution of gold in the world, the American collapse, and the effects we are still feeling in this country of our long period of deflation.

The gold question referred to by Mr. McKenna has been a very live one throughout the year. The Bank of France has continued her policy of increasing her gold reserves until she now has nearly £450,000,000, while the huge stocks in the United States remain undiminished. It is held by many economists that the locking up of so large a proportion of the world's gold in the vaults of two banks prevents the gold from carrying out its true function of acting as a basis of credit, and that the purchasing power of the world is accordingly diminished, with depressing results on trade and industry.

During the year there has been a minor monetary crisis, the cause of which was both unusual and entertaining. The trouble was that the Bank of England had over 40,000,000 sovereigns that it did not want. The sovereign is now, of course, a curiosity at home, none having been struck for circulation since 1917, but as an international coin the sovereign is in great demand. Millions are to be found in bankers' vaults in all parts of the world, and when financial conditions demand, these are shipped from one banking centre to another as a means of payment. On the other hand, huge international settlements are effected by the shipment of gold bars. By the end of May last the Bank of England found that, on balance, it had paid out in gold bars during the previous twelve months over £45,000,000 and that there had been a net influx of £40,000,000 in sovereigns. It therefore had too many sovereigns and too little bar gold, so to put things right it melted down the unwanted sovereigns and cast them into bars—hundreds of tons of them. Then the trouble arose, because bar gold is usually pure gold but these new ingots made from sovereigns were only 22 carat. The Bank of France who had been buying gold steadily, refused to accept the 22 carat gold as she would only take fine gold. Therefore all gold taken from the Bank for France had to be specially refined and the cost of this added appreciably to the price France had to pay for it. This, in turn, affected the rate of exchange at which gold could be shipped at a profit. However, after several months, an arrangement was reached and a few weeks ago France consented to take her gold in the 22-carat form.

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: A general view of the Bank of England, whose extensions and alterations are now far advanced

THE MIDLAND BANK: A view of the Banking Hall in the head office building, Poultry, E.C.2, seen from the top of the staircase leading to the safe deposit

It might be thought that anybody can demand gold from the Bank of England. That is true, but the Bank need not pay out in sovereigns. It is bound, however, to change notes for gold, but as the minimum amount it need sell is a bar of 400 oz., costing about £1,700, the general public does not often assert its legal right.

The new Bank of England, on which work was commenced some seven years ago, is now rising, a lofty, white structure, from within the old black walls. These outer walls, which represent some of the best work of Soane, most famous of all the bank's architects, are to be retained, and the new building has such architectural features as will blend with the older work into one harmonious whole. More rapid progress seems to have been made with the building during recent months, but that is merely due to the fact that during the earlier years of re-building a great amount of work had to be done below ground, both in connection with the enormously solid foundations which are necessary and with the strong rooms.

The new strong rooms, which are in three storeys below ground, are as impregnable as modern science and engineering can make them. They are designed to resist not only the craftsman and the mob, but also the shells and bombs of any possible enemy. They are in every way fitted to guard securely the £150,000,000 in gold which they usually contain.

Adjoining the Bank of England, work is in progress on the new Princes Street office of the National Provincial Bank. This site is probably the finest in the world of any joint stock bank, and the National Provincial are putting up a building which will be in every way worthy of its position. Princes Street office was formerly the head office of the old Union Bank of London, afterwards the Union of London and Smith's Bank, which was merged with the National Provincial Bank at the end of the War.

During the past summer, Lloyds Bank, after years of exile in Gracechurch Street, returned to Lombard Street, where a magnificent new head office had been erected on and around the old site.

The new building, which has frontages on both Lombard Street and Cornhill, is of Portland stone on a granite base. The fronts rise sheer from the pavement level to a height of 80 ft. to the top of the main cornice. The building is treated in a classic manner, and therefore is in harmony with its surroundings. Here, again, the strong rooms are engineering triumphs. The entrances thereto are guarded by seventeen doors, each weighing 17 tons. Every modern device for the efficient working of the great banking machine has been installed, and the new building is indeed a pleasing addition to the amenities of the City.

The importance of London as the financial centre of the world is recognized by bankers abroad, and many of the leading overseas financial institutions have London offices. The National City Company, for instance, and its associate, the great National City Bank of New York, have offices both in the City and the West End. Banks of almost every nationality are to be found within the magic square mile of the City, but the German banks, so prominent before the War, have not yet availed themselves of their right to recommence business here.

ESTABLISHED 1821.

GUARDIAN

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office: 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

Paid-up Capital - - - £1,024,578
Total Assets - - - £12,496,000
Total Income - - - £3,180,000

DIRECTORS:

Chairman: Col. LIONEL H. HANBURY, C.M.G. (*Messrs. Wood, Hanbury, Rhodes & Jackson*), *Director of the Bank of England.*

Deputy Chairman: Hon. EVELYN HUBBARD (*Messrs. John Hubbard & Co.*). **Vice Chairman: R. W. SHARPLES, Esq.** (*C. Czarnikow, Ltd.*).

Right Hon. LORD ALDENHAM (*Messrs. Antony Gibbs & Sons*).
F. R. S. BALFOUR, Esq.
ALAN H. BRODRICK, Esq.
T. G. C. BROWNE, Esq.
Right Hon. LORD DAWSON OF PENN, P.C., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.
WILLIAM DAWSON, Esq.
B. D. F. DOCKER, Esq.
CHAS. R. GILLIAT, Esq. (*John K. Gilliat & Co., Ltd.*).
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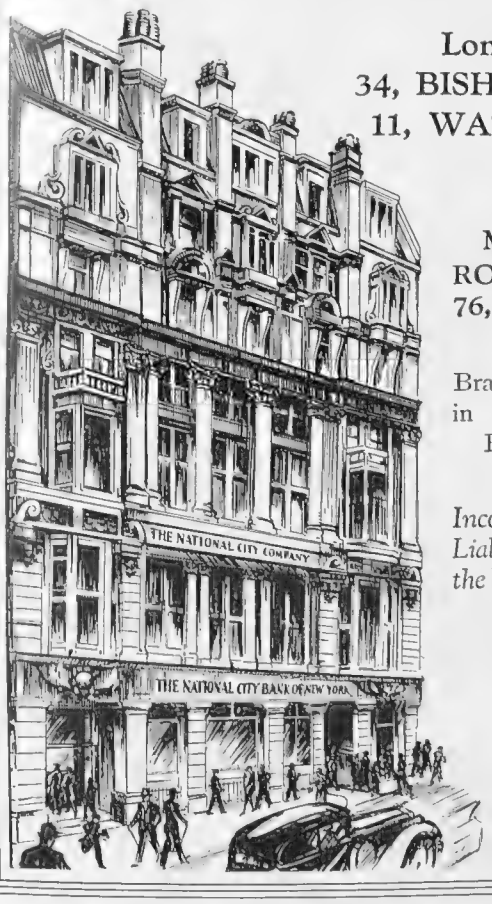
E. HENRY LOYD, Esq.
PHILIP H. MARTINEAU, Esq. (*Messrs. Martineau & Reid*).
Lt.-Col. G. K. M. MASON, M.P.
C. D. MEDLEY, Esq. (*Messrs. Field, Roscoe & Co.*).
GEO. W. ROWE, Esq. (*Messrs. Frere, Cholmeley & Co.*).
E. ROBERT STILL, Esq.
F. A. SZARVASY, Esq.
JOHN WALTER, Esq.

The Company transacts all the Principal Classes of Insurance Business.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

INVESTMENT AFFILIATE OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK



London Offices:
34, BISHOPSGATE, E.C. 2.
11, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W. 1.

Manchester Office:
ROYAL MAIL HOUSE,
76, CROSS STREET.

Branches or Correspondents in the leading Cities of Europe and elsewhere.

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THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

A Vast Clientele

Amongst its customers the National Provincial Bank numbers Governments, Corporations, all sections of the Professional and Industrial Classes, Housewives and Children of all ages—testimony enough to the wide range of banking facilities it offers — and to one and all the same courtesy and attention are extended.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

LIMITED

Paid-up Capital - £9,479,416 Reserve Fund - £9,479,416
Deposits, etc. (Dec., 1930) **- £293,053,608**

Head Office:
15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2

1,363 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

BANKING and INSURANCE SECTION of "THE SPHERE"

INSURANCE of TO-DAY

The intensive drive to bring England up to the standard set by the United States in Insurance

By "SALVUS"

British insurance companies have much in common with British banks. Indeed, they might almost be termed commercial cousins. The banking system of this country knows no rival, and similarly English insurance companies for financial strength, enterprise, and tradition are not surpassed by any.

The initiative of our companies seems to be boundless, and it is now possible to insure against almost every conceivable risk.

The business of English insurance extends to every quarter of the civilized world. Ships sailing the seven seas and lives and property in far-distant cities or remote settlements are covered by the policies of our great companies.

Although so many varied risks can be covered, to the ordinary man life assurance is by far the most important. The duty of making adequate provision for one's dependents is one so grave that its importance can hardly be adequately stressed. The Englishman's attitude towards assurance is still little more than lukewarm. The average amount of assurance per head in the United Kingdom compares very unfavourably with the corresponding figures in Canada and the United States.

An ordinary middle- or upper-class man who takes out a life policy for £2,000, thereby provides sufficient capital to bring his widow, say, £100 a year—an income which is unlikely to maintain her and the children in the standard of life to which they are accustomed.

There is naturally considerable difference of opinion regarding the most desirable amount of life assurance to be taken up, but there are two general measures that have been advocated by authorities. One is that the amount of the policy should be equal to three years' income, and the other that one-sixth of one's income should be spent on life assurance premiums.

These standards, however, are adopted by comparatively few. At the same time there seems to be an increasing realization on the part of Englishmen that it is their duty to effect such an assurance as will provide a substantial sum for dependents in the event of premature death.

Most British companies issue two main forms of life assurance policies—non-participating policies and with-profit assurances. Under the former, the company simply pays the sum assured mentioned in the contract, whilst, in consideration of the payment of a comparatively small additional premium, contracts can be effected which entitle the holder to participate in the periodic distributions of the profits earned in the life department of the company.

In addition, however, to obtaining cover in the event of death, many people also seek to obtain a satisfactory investment from the policy in the event of their survival.

THE GUARDIAN ASSURANCE CO., LTD.: The head office in King William Street, E.C. 6, of the famous Institution which offers to its clients advantages stressed in the accompanying article

An illustration of the type of investment obtained in this manner is to be found in the with-profit endowment assurance policy issued by the Guardian Assurance Co., Ltd. The method of distribution of profits adopted by this company is based on an analysis of the sources whence the profits are derived, such as interest, light mortality, etc., and it is attempted to allot to each policy profits in proportion to its contribution to the surplus.

The following figures show the cost of and the return obtained from this class of policy: Assume the age at entry to be thirty-five as at next birthday, and the amount of the policy to be £1,000 payable on attainment of the age of fifty or earlier death: the normal annual premium, limited to fifteen payments, is £69 3s. 4d., but as there is an Income Tax rebate at, say, 2s. 3d. in the £, the actual is reduced by £7 15s. 7d. to £61 7s. 9d net.

If the assured lives until the maturity of the policy, the estimated amount of the sum payable, including reversionary bonuses, is £1,439. As the maximum amount payable in premiums, after allowing for abatement of Income Tax at the current rate, is only £920 16s. 3d., the excess of estimated sum payable to the policy holder over the actual cost to him amounts to £518 3s. 9d. This is equivalent to a net return of £5 8s. per cent. or, after allowing for Income Tax at 4s. 6d. in the £, to a gross yield of £6 19s. 4d. per cent. per annum.

A similar policy issued by the same company, but payable at the age of sixty or earlier death, would under the same conditions give a yield of £4 7s. 5d. per cent. net or £5 12s. 10d. per cent. gross. The normal annual premium in this case is £40 8s. 4d. It will be appreciated that the exact amounts cannot be guaranteed, but it seems unlikely that there will be any material reduction.

The payment of assurance premiums is greatly facilitated by the arrangement made by the majority of our great companies whereby the premiums may be paid monthly. Many people find that the provision of a comparatively large sum once a year has a somewhat disturbing effect upon their finances, but a standing order given to their banker for the premiums to be paid month by month results in the distribution of the load over the whole year.

Our insurance companies, however, offer such facilities to the public that it is easy for anyone to select a policy which accords exactly with his desires. There are those who prefer to regard a life policy purely as a form of protection rather than as an investment, however safe and attractive. In such cases the assured would be well served by taking out a whole life policy and thereby obtaining for the premium available the maximum cover when it was most needed.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Chairman:
THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairmen:
W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E., S. CHRISTOPHERSON
Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts
December 31st, 1930

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	14,248,012
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) £397,477,229	
Balances due to Affiliated Companies 3,973,406	401,450,635
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	16,271,676
Engagements	9,038,516
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	47,219,369
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	15,119,408
Money at Call & Short Notice	21,716,360
Investments at or under Market Value	38,671,575
Bills Discounted	83,922,558
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	203,582,971
Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd.:— Loans on behalf of Clients	87,196
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.:—Government of Northern Ireland Guaranteed Loans Account	1,800,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	25,310,192
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,978,290
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,568,301
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,497,962
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,992,542
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,407,748
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	382,379

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Companies operate 2550 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

Money can go with you

1677

WHEN GEORGE IV was Prince Regent and Bath the resort of fashion a journey was not lightly to be undertaken. Relays of horses needed careful arrangement and bags of gold raised hopes in highwaymen and fears in the traveller.

Now that the car has replaced the chaise and the stage-coach is a charabanc, travelling is less picturesque but infinitely simpler. For instance, whether you go to the Riviera for pleasure or to the ends of the earth on business, you need carry no bags of gold today. Agents throughout the world supply cash to bearers of Lloyds Bank Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques, which have proved to be the safest and most convenient means of meeting expenses wherever a stay is made, if only for a night. Any branch of the Bank will explain and supply these documents, which are available not only for customers but for everyone.

Lloyds Bank Limited
LONDON, E.C.3

CASTLES IN THE AIR BECAME A REALITY THROVGH THE MARVELOVS NET OF SPANISH ROADS

VISIT SUNNY SPAIN: The Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds.

A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Conotti; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; GIBRALTAR, 63-67 Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies or any other Travel Agency.

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE BIG SINGER.—Not so long ago I took out on test a Singer Super-Six saloon. I am always interested in Singer products, and I think I can say I have driven a new model practically every year since the end of the War. A Singer car is always interesting, is always satisfactory, and lately has given those who make official tests, like myself, cause to wonder how the car can be sold at the price. Let me first of all explain what is a Singer Super-Six because I find many people become confused regarding the various Singer models. At the bottom of the scale we have the Singer Junior with a four-cylinder engine, then there is the Singer Ten, four-cylinder model, the next step on the ladder being the Singer Six, which has, as its name denotes, a six-cylinder engine. The fourth model is the Super-Six, which is fitted with a 16 h.p. six-cylinder power unit.

In the good old days Singer and Co., Ltd., built up their fame with a small car, and I find that many people to-day imagine that there is no use thinking about a Singer if a full-sized car is required. That is quite wrong, because the Singer Super-Six is a full-sized automobile, just as commodious as many of the large American cars sold in this country.

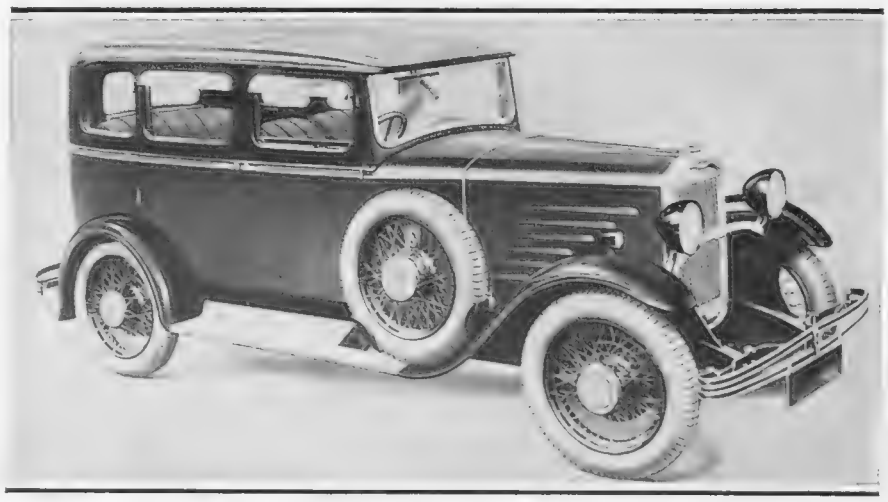
The first thing to be noticed on the new Singer productions is the altered radiator. True, the new design is more imposing than the one previously in use, but I am afraid the change will prevent at least for some time, its correct identification on the road.

GEAR-BOX AND BRAKES.—In addition to its powerful 6-cylinder engine this Super-Six boasts of a 4-speed gear-box. This is a refinement which amounts almost to an unnecessary luxury, because I found that not only was the engine powerful, but it was so flexible that the ordinary driver, who is always inclined to be lazy, could do almost everything on top gear. Even at single-figure speeds on this gear the engine was smooth and silent. On depressing the accelerator-pedal the car would gather speed in a determined fashion and never falter. I certainly never want anything better in the way of an engine, and I am happy to say that I was able to take full advantage of its good qualities, because on the other side of the balance sheet I had a superb set of brakes. Nothing is more annoying than to have a really good engine in a chassis that cannot be brought to a standstill quickly. Yet nearly 80 per cent. of British cars have this failing. Needless to say the Singer is not included in this 80 per cent.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the SINGER SUPER-SIX.

Bore and Stroke—65·5 mm. and 95 mm.	Steering—Marles Patent.
Cylinder Capacity—1,920 c.c.	Suspension—Semi-elliptic Luvax Shock Absorbers.
Tax—£16.	Wheels and Tyres—Dunlop Magna Wire Wheels and 30 in. by 5 in. tyres.
Ignition—Rotax Coil.	Lighting and Starting—Rotax 12 volt set.
Carburetter—Vertical Solex.	Fuel Supply—10-gall. Rear Tank with A.C. Pump.
Clutch—Single Dry-plate.	Price (Saloon)—£340.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.	
Brakes—On all Four Wheels, Dewandre Vacuum Servo.	

Manufacturers:
SINGER AND CO., LTD., COVENTRY.



THE LARGEST SINGER PRODUCT: The Singer Super-Six Saloon which is reviewed in the accompanying article by Mr. Bradley. The brief specification set above gives but a few of the attractive features which are embodied in this model which retails at £340

The brakes are not only powerful but are smooth in action, progressive to apply, and require very little pressure from the foot.

I was also impressed with the easy steering, and noted that the car had a very generous lock. The suspension, too, was all that could be desired, so that the reader will understand that there is not very much wrong with the Super-Six saloon. The biggest surprise of all comes when the catalogue is studied, because there one finds that the price is only £340.

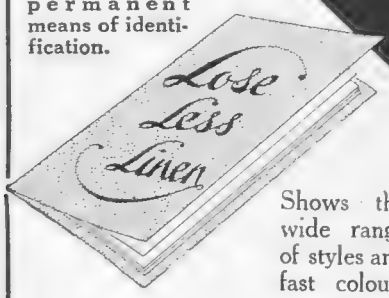
THE AIDS TO COMFORT.—As regards the body this is very completely equipped. In fact I should think it would be a source of great trouble to a gadget king who likes to spend all his spare cash in fitting extras to his car. He would have to exercise great ingenuity to add anything to the equipment. Let me just mention a few of the fitments I noticed. Real leather upholstery, the cushions being really wide and thoroughly deep, unsplinterable glass, a cubby hole, a whole galaxy of instruments on the dash all lit up when desired for night-driving, a sliding roof, two warning devices, comfortable pile carpets, adjustable front seats and arm-rests for those at the rear, glass weather shields to all doors, a roof lamp, ash-trays, parcel nets, silk blinds, interior driving mirror, and an automatic windscreen wiper. I cannot pretend to have exhausted the list but I think I have mentioned sufficient to bear out my statement that the equipment is luxurious.

Let me add that the car is capable of a really good speed for I found myself swishing along at a comfortable mile a minute on more than one occasion. At no time was I reckless as to speed, because the car was under perfect control and far safer than many others that I overtook doing about 30 m.p.h.

ANOTHER NEW "HORNET".—Until now Wolseley Hornets have been supplied as saloons only, but many motorists have felt that a two-seater sporting type of body on this lively six-cylinder chassis would make a very speedy and desirable car. The Wolseley Hornet Semi-Sports two-seater, just introduced, was therefore a development naturally to be expected, and it has been welcomed with marked interest.

FREE BOOKLET "LOSE LESS LINEN"

Explains why you should mark all linen, etc., with Cash's Names, the neat, permanent means of identification.



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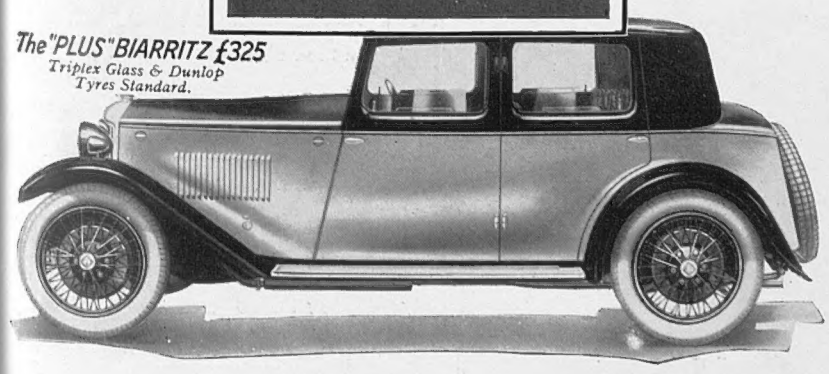

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Illustrated Stetson booklet containing list of retailers will be forwarded on request.
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NOTES and NEWS

R.M.M.V. "WARWICK CASTLE."

The twin-screw motor vessel, *Warwick Castle*, built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd., Belfast, for the South African Mail Service of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage to South Africa on January 30, 1931.

The *Warwick Castle* is generally similar to the *Winchester Castle*, which has been in service for some months past, the principal dimensions being :—

Length, B.P. 650 ft.
Breadth, middle, 75 ft.
Depth, middle, 44 ft. 6 in.
Gross tonnage, 20,445

Luxurious accommodation is provided for 760 first, second, and third class passengers, mostly in single and two-berth rooms.

The library is a comfortable room in the style of the late seventeenth century; the grand lounge is an essay in modernity, but influenced by the Adam style, and the result is a room of striking beauty. The connoisseur is at once taken by the set of Regency furniture, dated 1805, which was secured at the sale of Kinmel Park. One piece of this furniture was gratefully accepted by the Victoria and Albert Mnseum. The balcony overlooks the grand lounge at the after end, and is approached by a staircase and from the boat deck. It is chiefly furnished as a card-room, and decorated with the utmost simplicity to harmonise with the lounge.

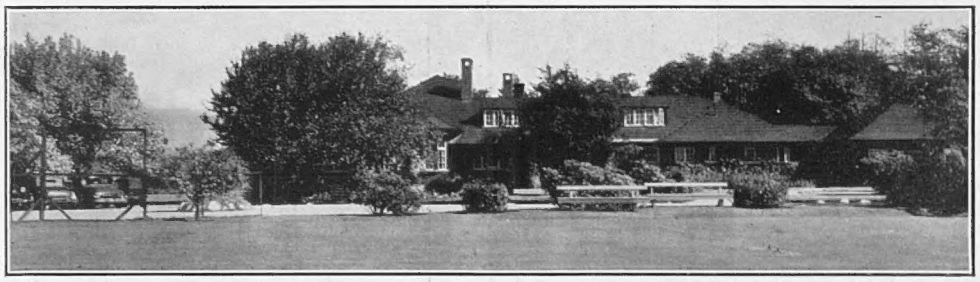
"HEROES AND HEROINES OF 'BITTER SWEET'"

The ineffable "Max," greatest of the *fin de siècle* dandies, who wields a pencil as polished and pointed as his pen, has just published, through Leadlay Ltd., an *édition de luxe*, of facsimile reproductions of five of his famous caricatures. These, 13¼ ins. by 9¼ ins. in size, are printed in six colours on matt paper, mounted on a card with a protecting leaf, then packed in a handsome portfolio with a stout board cover, bound in quarter vellum with the title stamped in gilt. The edition will be limited to 1,000 copies and will be numbered. The plates will be destroyed.

The sets numbered 1—100 will be signed by the subjects caricatured and will sell at £3 3s. 0d.; sets numbered 101—1,000, not autographed, are priced at £1 15s. 0d.

The five outstanding figures in this phenomenally successful production at His Majesty's Theatre are the subjects—almost the victims—of Mr. Beerbohm's wit. The author, Noel Coward; the heroine, Miss Peggy Wood; the hero, Mr. Georges Metaxa; the soubrette, that incredibly brilliant character actress, Miss Ivy St. Helier; and the producer, Mr. Charles B. Cochran, all live in its pages. The introduction, by Max Beerbohm himself, is reproduced in facsimile hand-writing.

SIR LOUIS BARON RECOGNIZES WORKERS' LONG SERVICE: Eighteen workers, whose service with Carreras totals nearly 500 years were specially honoured by Sir Louis Baron at Carreras' Annual Dance on Saturday evening at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. A brilliant affair, given to Carreras' 3,500 workers by their directors, at which they were entertained to supper by their chief. A special reception was arranged and, on arrival, Sir Louis Baron was greeted by a party of figures dressed to represent Carreras' various brands, led by two "Black Cats." Every one of the 3,500 workers contributed to a gold cigarette case which was presented on their behalf to Sir Louis Baron by the eighteen long-service employees. A spectacular cabaret show was held, the main item being a huge spray of tobacco leaves, over 30 ft. in extent, from which twelve "Black Cat" dancers emerged; each dancer carried a section of a Jig-saw puzzle which, when fitted together in an upright frame, formed a double-sided portrait, over 12 ft. square, of Sir Louis Baron



"THE DADDY" OF GOLF COURSES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: The Golf Course of the Jericho Country Club, Vancouver, B.C., located on the sea front of English Bay has a magnificent view overlooking the Bay with the fir clad foothills and mountains in the background. The Club was first organized in 1905 and commenced with a nine-hole course on the sand flats of the Admiralty Reserve. Later, in 1923, further beach land was secured and an 18-hole course was laid out by Alex. Duthie, the professional. The Yacht racing course of the Royal Vancouver Club is located in the Bay immediately in front of the Club Grounds. In addition to Golf the Club has a large number of tennis, badminton, squash racquets courts, bowling and croquet lawns and the advantage of sea bathing. Although the present Club was only formed as late as 1910, golf was organized and a nine-hole course on the flats was in full swing in 1892

SOMETHING NEW FOR SMOKERS

Although most smokers of "Rhodian" cigarettes may prefer the larger packing the new Rhodian "Six" (No. 2) now on sale at all tobacconists at 3d. per packet is a welcome introduction and one which will undoubtedly make many new friends for this popular brand. The cigarettes are of standard size and are packed in a single layer which permits of the new packet being conveniently carried in the waistcoat pocket. The new Rhodian Sixes are made from the same selected Rhodesian leaf as that used in the larger packings of 25 and 50, selling at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 2d. respectively.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society has just heard that one of its old boys who was admitted to the Bisley School in November, 1905, and after five years was transferred to *Arethusa*, whence he went into the Royal Navy, has now been appointed Master-at-Arms in H.M.S. *Sandhurst* at Malta. This is a very good appointment and much sought after. Funds are urgently needed by this Society to carry on its work. The address of headquarters is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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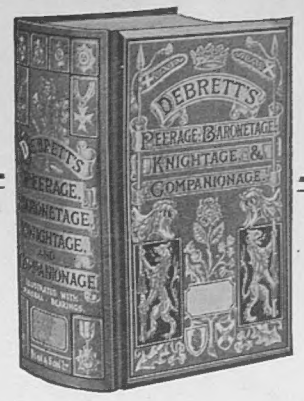

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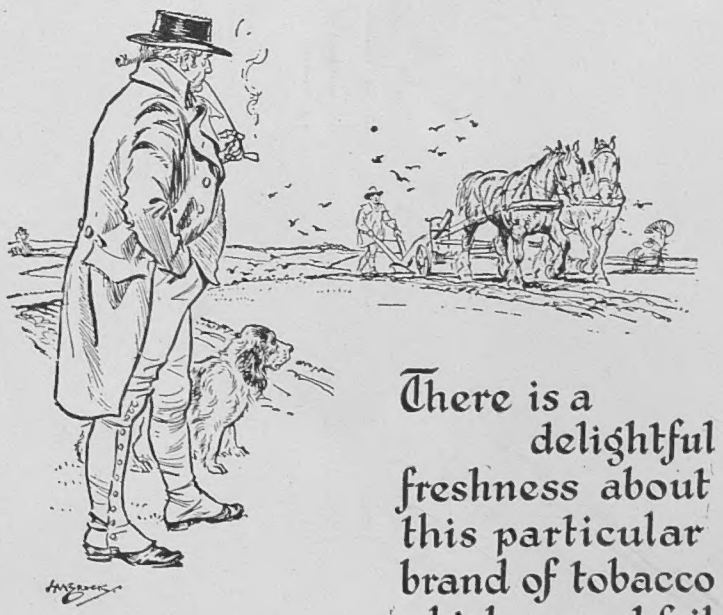

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Ninety-nine women out of a hundred say they would rather be men than women. Handicapped by this inferiority-complex, incubated in the nursery, they imagine themselves deprived of a superiority of advantage, which is in reality but a shadow of their own birthright.
Generations of mothers have instilled the inferiority-complex into their daughters, who after spasmodic spells in the teens and twenties, of surprise, resentment and rebellion, proceed to repeat the tradition in their own families and nurseries. Putting aside America, where women numerically in the minority, have been considered and courted as in no other country, girls all over the world rank second to their brothers. Everyone pities a man with daughters and no son. The tragedy of no heir, be it only to his father's watch and chain, is just as real in England as it is China!"

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